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The End of Sterling Imperialism

THE showdown at Abadan has arrived. The British Government, rather than landing troops to sustain our commercial interests by force, has appealed to the Security Council and by implication accepted for the moment Dr. Moussadek's notice to quit. By now the last of the British oil men has left Persia. No Government can expect to escape criticism in such a situation by soberly choosing to obey the law rather than resorting to some flashy gesture of defiance or retaliation. Indeed, an instinctive feeling of resentment is widespread that Dr. Moussadek should be allowed to "get away with it." It is a feeling that will be fully exploited by anti-Socialists in the election campaign; but it is an unworthy, and probably ephemeral, emotion.

Confronted by a crisis of extreme gravity, in the earlier stages of which the British Government was by no means blameless, the Cabinet has based its present decision on the simple and solemn proposition that we have abjured the use of war as an instrument of national policy. To have taken the law into our own hands would have run the risk of a war in which Britain would have had no legal justification for its action. For foreign investors calculate the risks inherent in installing assets overseas, fixing their prices and profits accordingly; and no international law gives them the right to call in troops to invade another country and overturn its laws in defence of property.

Mr. Churchill, who for some months has exercised commendable restraint in this matter over both his personal passions and the more pliable of his followers, has not hesitated in opening his election campaign to exploit the Government's difficulty. But what did he want? That at an earlier date we should have ignored the law and landed troops? Clearly that is the course which would have commended itself to most of his supporters. But, if he thought it was right, at least he never judged it expedient to say so at a time when his words might have had some influence on the situation. Or did he perhaps believe that the Government ought to have offered more generous terms to Dr. Moussadek? If so, he must have been the only Tory in Britain to take that view. The fact is that the Government's fault has been too many concessions to the outdated imperialism of the Conservatives. A stronger Labour Government would not have needed to make them, and the present crisis would never have presented itself in such acutely difficult form.

For under pressure from the Tories, and no doubt the Foreign Office, Mr. Attlee has never really given the Persian Government room to manoeuvre in search of an acceptable settlement. So Dr. Moussadek, spurred on by the fear of assassination, had little alternative but to attempt to force his way out of the difficult deadlock. Mr. Attlee, fully aware of the political stiletto in Mr. Churchill's hand, has to his credit remembered both the facts and the morality of the situation, at a time when he might have reaped a more immediate party advantage by forgetting both. The essential facts are simple. To do otherwise than the Government has done would have risked war in the Middle East. This country is not strong enough to face such a war without the wholehearted and immediate support of the United States. There was never the slightest chance that the United States, which by established tradition expects its capitalists to take care of themselves, would pluck Anglo-Iranian's chestnuts out of the fire for Mr. Attlee or Mr. Churchill or any other combination of British interests. The Americans might indeed have been dragged in eventually, but only if Abadan had become the Sarajevo of 1951. The morality is equally simple. If the world is to have a chance of making progress towards freedom and peace, it can only be by recognising that commercial enterprises in backward countries must no longer be backed by guns. The rule of law means the end of sterling imperialism; and Britain accepted that doctrine as binding in subscribing to the Charter of the United Nations.

On any grounds of principle and on most of expediency, the Government's decision is right. Mr. Churchill, in pursuit of party advantage, will deplore it in colourful language. But before now Mr. Churchill has found that his unbridled desire to gain office has recoiled on him. Mr. Attlee should not apologise for the simple rectitude of his final decision—though he may well ponder on some of the unfortunate concessions he made earlier to Opposition pressure. He has refused to risk an illegal war with inadequate strength and no certainty of allies, undertaken to rescue an enterprise which had recovered its

capital many times over and was defying the law in a country which, however shortsighted, is as sovereign as our own. In the privacy of the ballot-box thoughtful people will endorse his wisdom.

Two Germanies

Two contradictory processes are at work in Western Germany. The Bonn Government is pressing forward with its negotiations for "equality with the West" and for the remilitarisation of Western Germany. At the same time, Dr. Adenauer has been forced by the weight of public opinion to take serious notice of Herr Grotewohl's proposals for "all-German, free, equal, and secret elections to a national assembly with a view to establishing a united, democratic, peace-loving Germany; and for the earliest possible conclusion of a peace treaty with Germany, and the subsequent withdrawal of all Occupation troops from Germany." To these proposals Adenauer has now replied with an acceptance in principle that is qualified by fourteen conditions. That the West German Government and the Western Powers are in fact eager to avoid any such negotiations seems certain: what has still to be tested is the length to which the East German Government and the Russians will feel able to go in meeting Western conditions that are themselves designed to "go too far."

Meanwhile, the military programme of the Atlantic Treaty Powers presses hard upon Dr. Adenauer. Negotiations between the three High Commissioners and the Bonn Government are supposed—on the schedule lately agreed upon by the four Foreign Ministers—to be concluded by the end of October. A four-Power conference—with Western Germany as the fourth Power—is then to negotiate a "contractual arrangement" which would give Western Germany a far-reaching measure of sovereignty, including the right to raise armies and to manufacture war material. The especial awkwardness of the Grotewohl offer for Dr. Adenauer and the three High Commissioners is that it threatens to obstruct this break-neck programme.

Italian Ally?

Italy is another member of N.A.T.O. whose military development appears to be the subject of an intensive though carefully unpublished programme. Italian pilots flew Vampire jet-fighters in last week's great air exercise over Western Europe. Italian military commanders are taking up posts on Eisenhower's staff. Italian factories are turning, though with less alacrity than Washington seems to have hoped, to arms production. But there is a complication. In 1946 the Western Powers and the Soviet Union negotiated a peace treaty for Italy that imposed narrow limits on the level of rearmament allowed to Italy. These limiting clauses could be revised juridically only by agreement of all the signatories, or, once Italy became a member of the United Nations, by negotiation between Italy and the Security Council. But the Soviet Union bars Italy from membership of the U.N. because the Western Powers bar Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria; and the deadlock seems certain to persist.

Determined on having Italian rearmament, the three Western Powers have now issued a declaration which has the effect simply of wiping out these limiting clauses—whether the Russians, a party to the treaty, like it or not. As part of the technique of power politics this one-sided tearing up of a treaty may have much to recommend it: as a contribution to the moral standing of the West, it has nothing at all. That the abrogation of these clauses should be justified on the grounds that the Russians have allowed Hungary, Bulgaria, and Rumania to rearm beyond treaty limits is a poor excuse: even if it were true—and the evidence is only that of "undisclosed military sources"—this would be no adequate excuse for a Western procedure which makes a mockery of the sanctity of treaties.

Who Shall Govern Greece?

It now seems unlikely that any Government can be formed in Greece before Parliament meets on October 10, and newly elected Members have finally to declare where they stand and what party, or parties, they will support. Present uncertainty arises from the fact that both sides—the party of Marshal Papagos on one side, and the parties of Venizelos and Plastiras (who are supported by the King) on the other—are now engaged most eagerly in bidding for the support of Members who belong to the opposite camp. Markezinis, one of the chief henchmen of Papagos, has even declared that his party has succeeded in "attracting" a segment from the other two parties—so that Papagos now claims a majority. Behind this furious competition for votes there lies not only the natural desire of the several parties to achieve power, but also, and complicating the issue, a deep personal enmity between Papagos and the King, and also, as it seems, a conflict of policy between the British and Americans. Meanwhile, courts of first instance have found no reason why two of the political prisoners who were elected on the Left-wing E.D.A. list—Ambatielos and Proimakis—should not sit as Members of Parliament.

Benton *versus* McCarthy

Senator Benton's demand for the expulsion of Senator McCarthy from the U.S. Senate is most unlikely to succeed, since two-thirds of the Senators will not concur with Mr. Benton's charge that McCarthy has been guilty of the "disorderly conduct" which is the only grounds the Constitution provides for expulsion. But Mr. Benton has delivered a formidable indictment to a Senate Sub-Committee. In fact, he carefully understates the case against McCarthy. Claiming that McCarthy is "a source of shame to us all" Mr. Benton reviewed a number of occasions on which McCarthy "perjured" himself by claiming that he had detailed lists of Communists in the State Department, but failed to produce them on challenge, even with Senate immunity. McCarthy is charged with accepting $10,000 from a Company on whose business he had, as a Senator, to make decisions; with employing a private agent to spy on a U.S. diplomat; with "calculated deceit" in making charges of "Communism" against Government officials; and with falsely accusing Americans and excusing convicted Germans concerned with the Malmedy massacre. Finally, he is accused of "fraud and deceit" for his part in the campaign against Senator Tydings in Maryland, when forged photographs were circulated to help defeat Tydings. It was this charge that has given the Elections Sub-Committee jurisdiction to hear Senator Benton's indictment.

Whether these charges will ever reach the floor of the Senate depends upon how far Senatorial anger has been aroused against McCarthy, who has been able to attack the State Department almost with impunity, but has run into heavy weather for his recent onslaught on a respectable Dixiecrat colleague. Though the difficulty in such cases is how to discredit McCarthy without making a martyr of him, Senator Benton is doing an overdue and a worthwhile task for American democracy.

The Effect on Europe

Our Paris Correspondent writes: What will be the result of the British Election? Of all the important questions asked in French political quarters to-day, this is by far the most important; and on the answer that will be given to it depend a hundred other answers. It is largely because of this that Parliament has been sent on holiday, and all vital decisions postponed till November. Very little has been written about it: but one of the most important things that have happened in the last few weeks has been an almost imperceptible, but still perfectly real, *rapprochement* between France and Britain. The French attempt—which began with the Pleven and Auriol visits to Washington earlier in the year—to become Uncle Sam's blue-eyed boy (hence, for example, the very feeble stand the French took over China and Korea) is now recognised to have been a failure, and this is not at all altered by the build-up given by *Time* magazine to General de Lattre, enthusiastically described by *Time* as "the French MacArthur"—a compliment not much appreciated in Paris.

The Washington and Ottawa conferences have been disappointing, to say the least, and there has been growing in France a fellow-feeling for Britain which has not existed for a long time. The personality of Herbert Morrison as Foreign Secretary has had much to do with it. With Ernest Bevin the French never had any common language. He was much too insular in his John-Bullishness, with an innate distaste for the French, and a sneaking preference for Germans. It was something irrational, and hard to define, but it was unmistakably there, and his surrender on the whole principle of German rearmament at the end of 1950 was typical of his reactions. Herbert Morrision has struck the French Ministers as an entirely different man—one with a genuine feeling for the common cultural heritage of Britain and France; with a clear understanding of Western Europe with its troubles, worries and inhibitions; with the knowledge that the financial and economic difficulties arising from rearmament are troubles that are common to all the West-European democracies, and a realisation that, though one may criticise certain French methods, the time for British self-righteousness in relation to France is over.

Above all, the French strongly feel that Morrison is a Man of Peace, one who, together with France, would resist any kind of adventurous

and "crusading" policy that could only spell disaster to Europe. The French were very much impressed by Morrison's refusal to consider World War III as something inevitable. French Government quarters are to-day convinced that Russia is on the defensive, and that the Grotewohl proposal, for example, offers a basis of discussion. They feel that Morrison agrees with them.

The alternative is Churchill. Churchill is a Great Man, a Legend, and all that. But Churchill came to Paris about a fortnight ago, and responsible Frenchmen who saw him and heard him were flabbergasted. The essence of his "policy" was to "talk to Stalin"; and, if this talk failed, to authorise all-out German rearmament. Or, as his French listeners interpreted it, he was going, in effect, to present Stalin with an ultimatum, and if Stalin did not accept, then the Free World would have to go all-out and prepare for war. What the Russian reaction to this would be could be easily imagined. So could the immediate consequences in Western Europe.

The feeling in French Government quarters is that if there is at least a 50-50 chance of avoiding war, the Russians will not attack Western Europe. If they are convinced that war is absolutely or almost entirely inevitable, they will not wait. Morrison, it is felt here, *will patiently work for peace*, even against the heaviest handicaps coming from all sides. Churchill, on the other hand, *will "demand" peace, but if he does not get it on his own terms, and immediately, he will grimly accept the alternative and damn the consequences.*

A Tory victory would almost inevitably lead to the disappearance of the present wait-and-see Centre Government in France, and, with it, the prospect of the eventual formation of a Centre-Socialist coalition, and would lead to the formation, instead, of a reactionary quasi-dictatorship, with Paul Reynaud, that ambitious over-seventy, trying to make up for his 1940 fiasco, and anxious to bask at last in Churchill's reflected glory, whatever the price.

Impressions of Scarborough

Our correspondent writes: On Tuesday morning the election results reverberated all the way up the cliff, from the Conference Hall to the Grand Hotel, like the sound of a Bastille falling. The Grand Hotel—like a retired transatlantic liner perched above the sea—was where the Bourbons were staying. Some of them sat there white and tight-lipped, called for a drink and began to plant the counter-revolution. Others hurried to pack their valises. Within an hour the wildest rumours were current about the intentions of the revolutionaries; by lunch-time the trimmers were trying to find a copy of *One Way Only* in order to see what it was they had denounced as pernicious nonsense and must now find "really quite sensible."

Meanwhile the delegates down below were a little breathless. It was a bit like the sensation of waking up in 1945 to find that one's protest vote had actually helped to throw Mr. Churchill out of Downing Street. If this was the beginning of a revolution in the Labour Party, as the big shots in the Grand Hotel tensely assumed, it was certainly a quite unintentional one. Most of the constituency delegates had come to Scarborough for a flaming row, in which, according to traditional Party practice, resolution after resolution from the floor would be fiercely debated and then steam-rollered by the block vote—but only after a really good protest. That's what the delegates had hoped for, but after the election was announced it was obviously impracticable. Resentfully they postponed the row—apart from the National Executive elections—and were ready to accept, in its place, a grand demonstration which would remove their doubts and send them home in fighting spirit.

Unfortunately both in the public meeting on Sunday and in the Conference Hall, the Government spokesmen failed to give the lift which the delegates so urgently required. They probably were tired: they certainly sounded it. The demonstration when Grandma Cresswell of Poplar left the rostrum (the whole Conference rose and cheered for minutes on end) was, I am told, unprecedented in the whole fifty years history of the Party. Grandma certainly made a lovely speech, but the reception she got was also a symptom of frustration and contained an implicit rebuke to the platform. For the first time in hours of speech-making someone had talked *human* Socialism, not phrases.

After this Aneurin Bevan—turning the other cheek to Will Lawther with a most un-Celtic forbearance—was almost an anti-climax. The speech was none the less important for that. He was careful to emphasise his opposition to the Russian tyranny (which has resulted from the Churchillian policy towards Russia in the early Twenties) as well as his support for rearmament. Only after this stern repudiation of the fellow-travellers, did he go on to argue the case for Socialist priorities as between rearmament and social and economic defence. This was a speech designed, not to exploit the morning's triumph, but to steady the Conference. I watched the faces of some of his most intolerant Right-wing opponents. They displayed disappointment, relief and incredulity. Nye just wasn't behaving according to the pattern they had laid down for him. He was keeping his head, when all about him were losing theirs.

At the Top of the Poll

THE success of the four Bevanites, who were defending their seats on the Labour Party's National Executive, was as unexpected as it was overwhelming. Despite an almost unanimously hostile press, and the active opposition of the Labour Party machine and the trade union hierarchy, Mr. Bevan, along with Mr. Driberg, Mr. Mikardo and Mrs. Castle, have received an overwhelming vote of confidence from the constituency parties which elected them. That this was not a confused aberration or an accidental result of cross voting is indicated clearly enough by two facts. Whereas three of the Bevanites (including Mr. Mikardo, who had been accused of perpetrating the offending passages in *Going Our Way*) substantially increased their votes, the three Ministers who survived, Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Dalton, did so on a sharply reduced poll, and Mr. Shinwell was eliminated altogether. Even more significant is the fact that Mrs. Castle achieved the second place. In 1950, she had been elected for the first time to the Women's Section where the trade union block vote is decisive. When her support for Mr. Bevan became known, she was informed that the votes of the three big unions (the Miners, the Transport and General Workers and the Municipal and General Workers) would go elsewhere. She therefore transferred to the Constituency list and is the first woman to be elected since that list was established in 1937. There can be no doubt that the backing she received was due not only to her success as a broadcaster, but to the determination of the local Labour Parties to ensure that all four Bevanites should retain their seats, whatever the Big Three might decree.

The immediate reaction of the Big Three was expressed by Sir William Lawther in his "fraternal" speech on behalf of the T.U.C. "Trade unionists," he told the delegates, "willingly accept the decisions of the majority of their members. Those who deliberately seek or attempt to wreck majority decisions must get out." The implication was clear. The half-dozen men who completely control the election of the twelve trade union and seven women's representatives on the Executive are not prepared to tolerate any nonsense from the political side of the movement. The rank-and-file Labour Party members, on whose work the Government entirely depends in the next three weeks, must learn that their job is not to help in formulating policy but to accept it humbly from the trade union leaders.

In the course of castigating the Bevanites for their success, Sir William drew a contrast between "those who weave theories" and "the horny handed trade unionists who keep the Party in operation." Sir William is a hot-headed man given to flights of oratory when he is caught off balance, but he must have known that the picture he painted bears no relation to reality. Nine-tenths of the active members of most local constituency parties are "horny-handed trade unionists," and the constitution of each Divisional Labour Party gives to those local trade union branches which affiliate to it a powerful voting strength. In the weeks before the Scarborough Conference assembled, the average local party had held a special meeting in order to mandate its delegates; and the list of twenty-nine candidates for the Executive had been carefully scanned and debated before a vote was taken to decide the seven names which the delegate should support. There can be no doubt whatsoever, therefore, that it was rank-and-file trade unionists in the Labour Party who gave the Bevanites their huge majority and thereby expressed their support for the three resigning Ministers in their controversy with the rest of the Cabinet.

It is, of course, true that the number of trade unionists who take an active part either in the activities of their trade union branch or their local Labour Party, is a deplorably small proportion of the paid-up membership. The vast majority are card-carriers who contribute nothing except their fees to trade unionism, and the political levy to the Labour Party; and the block vote, which elects the trade union and women's representatives on the National Executive, is largely composed of this inert non-

political mass. What the Scarborough election revealed is that the activist minority in the unions are in frustrated revolt against their leadership. But because the constitution of the big unions renders any democratic expression of minority opinions impossible, this revolt has been canalised into the election for the seven constituency members of the Labour Party Executive. It is discontent with the leadership of the unions at least as much as dissatisfaction with the Government's Defence policy which Mr. Bevan has to thank for his success at Scarborough. What the voting demonstrated with most uncomfortable and untimely clarity is the gap which exists between the policy of the T.U.C. and the Government on the one hand, and the wishes of the politically-conscious rank and file on the other.

Fortunately, however, that gap had been greatly narrowed by the private negotiations which dominated the first two days at Scarborough. Thanks chiefly to the prudence of Sam Watson, the Durham Miners' leader, and of Mr. Dalton on the political side, the draft manifesto was completely rewritten in such a form that both Bevanites and anti-Bevanites could conscientiously subscribe to it. There was no longer any talk of the £4,700 million Defence plan as "a minimum requirement." Indeed the figure was altogether omitted. Even more significant, the claim that armaments must have an over-riding priority was dropped, and the manifesto specifically states that help to the backward areas is *equally* important. It is much to the credit of the Ministers at Scarborough that these substantial concessions to the minority were made before the elections to the National Executive had shown that the minority on the Executive represented the majority in the Party.

The compromise manifesto is indeed a far better and bolder statement of Socialist policy —even from the point of view of strict electioneering—than would have been possible without the revolt. As Aneurin Bevan reminded the Conference on Tuesday, in a speech whose studied moderation must have confounded his ill-wishers, the manifesto now makes clear the differences of principle between Socialist and Tory foreign policy; and it puts the issue of the cost of living against its proper background of world inflation, world rearmament and the pressure of colonial peoples for a place in the sun. If the hundreds of thousands of Liberal voters, set afloat by the absence of Liberal candidates, are to be steered towards Labour in this election, the best chance of doing so is to preach a peace policy based on moral principle. This was impossible so long as Government spokesmen continued to give to military strength a priority as absolute as any Tory could demand. If Mr. Shinwell, under the impact of personal defeat, has indeed cancelled his speaking engagements, this may be a blessing in disguise. His type of oratory and the role he has played as Minister of Defence during the last twelve months are unlikely either to rally his own supporters or to win over those who still revere the teachings of Bright and Gladstone and who were once the stalwarts of the League of Nations Union.

It is, of course, true that the Scarborough elections have presented the Tory propagandists with the opportunity for a gorgeous stunt. They will now intensify their attempts to paint Mr. Bevan as the bogy man, and they will argue that "a vote for Attlee is a vote for the wild men." But though in areas such as Greater London this type of scare propaganda may have some success, it will probably boomerang elsewhere, merely stimulating apathetic Labour supporters to go to the poll. The truth, of course, is that *One Way Only* was a studiously moderate document and the policy which the three resigning Ministers have preached since last June is only just to the Left of the centre of the Labour Party. They have been demanding not disarmament but moderation in rearmament; not a break with the U.S. but a firm and restraining British influence in Washington; not appeasement of Russia but a recognition that Communism cannot be defeated merely by a "strong" policy. Labour candidates will no doubt be accused of agreeing with the Bevanites heresy, and asked to repudiate the charge. They should remember, in making up their minds, that many electors, who have been worried by the drift towards war, will heave a sigh of relief if they plead guilty to the accusation.

The Flat-earthers

UNTIL quite recently, it was taken for granted, in the United States as well as on this side of the Atlantic, that a return to prosperity in Europe required a restoration of the trade between the eastern and western parts of the continent. It was largely with this end in view that the Economic Commission for Europe was set up by the United Nations; and when the Marshall Plan was launched, one of the principal purposes was to reduce by stages the dependence of Western Europe on supplies from the dollar area by restoring the pre-war pattern of exchange between the industrial West and the still predominantly agricultural East. The administrations of E.C.A. continued to follow this policy during the earlier years of the Marshall Plan. It was, indeed, a great disappointment when E.C.E., the main economic link between East and West, was passed over in favour of a new, purely Western agency—the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation—in dealing with the European end of Marshall Aid. Even so the objective of restoring East-West trade was still recognised; there was plainly no other area from which Western Europe could get supplies to replace those which it could not afford to buy with dollars, or at least would not be able to buy when Marshall Aid ran out.

All this has not been completely forgotten; the recent trade agreements with Russia and Rumania on timber and grain and oil show that there still is, in the Board of Trade, at least a memory of the conditions of British independence and prosperity. Whether these agreements will survive the conditions laid down in them remains to be seen; for the Russians at any rate have not bound themselves to deliver the goods unless they are allowed to spend a reasonable part of the proceeds on materials from the sterling area. That is what they were doing last year; but even in 1950 trade between Eastern and Western Europe had shrunk to half its pre-war volume, and since then there have been constant additions to the long list of the prohibited exports from the West and constant pressure has been applied from the United States to make the list longer still. Point by point, the countries of Western Europe have yielded. In May of this year Congress tacked on to an Appropriation Bill, on which the whole of American aid to Europe depended, a monstrous rider, known as the Kem Amendment, withdrawing economic aid from any country which supplied countries under Soviet control either with arms (which were not being supplied at all) or with any goods that could be used to reinforce the war potential of the Eastern *bloc*. President Truman had to accept this rider, or lose the whole Bill; but he was able to use his special powers to suspend for three months the operation of the Kem conditions, which were calculated to bring East-West trade to an almost complete standstill, and the American Defence Council has now extended the suspension by granting the O.E.E.C. countries full exemption for the time being. The plea for suspension was that the matter was too complex to be dealt with by a mere rider to a Bill; if Congress really wished to start a full economic blockade of the Soviet countries and to force Western Europe to follow suit, it would need, the President argued, to embody its desire in properly constitutional legislation.

This is what Congress is now proceeding to do, by means of the Battle Bill, which has now passed the Senate as well as the House of Representatives. The Battle Bill is not quite so comprehensively framed as the Kem Amendment but it is devastating enough. It proposes to create in the United States a new agency, whose task it will be to declare what exports are calculated to aid the armed power of the Soviet countries; and any Western country which thereafter sends any such goods to these areas is to be cut off from further American economic aid. This action is to be entirely unilateral; there is no provision for consultation with the European Governments concerned. The Americans alone are to decide; and the operation of the Bill is to be automatic except for a limited right of the President, on the advice of the Defence Council, to grant certain exemptions.

The whole policy is, of course, an extension to the entire Soviet sphere of the earlier American attempts to make this and other countries partners to a blockade of the Chinese Republic. It was under the impetus of the indignation worked up in Congress against the export of oil and rubber to China after the outbreak of the Korean War that the present movement towards a general economic blockade of the East began.

What is the rational case? Western Europe exports goods to Eastern Europe in return for other goods for which it has a greater need—chiefly coarse grains for fodder, timber, Polish coal, and a limited range of foodstuffs. The Eastern countries send their goods westward because they get in exchange things they need more—particularly electrical machinery and raw

materials from the sterling area such as wool and rubber. It is no doubt a moot point which side gets the most out of their exchanges; but it is quite certain that the West does get something considerable out of them and would be worse off, and more dependent than ever on American aid, if the supply were cut off. The Eastern countries could easily find other uses for what they send to the West, and cannot be expected to sell except in return for products which they seriously want. If the West is not to be allowed to send anything that could possibly be of use in war (there is hardly anything that could not except perhaps Bibles), the East will certainly cut off its exports to the West, leaving both sides the worse off.

Nor is that all. The Eastern countries can adapt themselves to a permanent pattern of near-autarky much more easily than the West. If the trade is once cut off, they will have to do this; and it will not be possible to call the exchanges on again when the West wishes. That will mean that German industry, continuing its recovery with American help, instead of finding markets in Eastern Europe, as it used to do, will be forced into furious competition with British, French, Belgian, and Dutch industry in the markets still open to the West; while reviving Japanese industry, if it is not allowed to export to China, will join the fray as a major competitor in Western European markets.

Europe cannot afford to become a permanent pensioner of the United States, constantly at the mercy of the unpredictable moods of Congress. Whatever Americans may persuade themselves to believe, the economic integration of Western Europe, involving isolation from the East, makes no sense at all. It would mean a sharp fall in Western standards of living, tempered only for a while by American charity. It would mean for the West industrial unemployment, which Governments would be powerless to prevent, and a return to a more agricultural pattern of production. That is what would have happened if the Americans had persisted in the Morganthau Plan for pastoralising Germany. But, far from doing this, they have been taking an active part in reviving West German industry, partly under their own control, while doing their best to cut the developing industries off from their natural markets in the East. It is no accident that trade between Western and Eastern Germany, and through Eastern Germany, with other countries of the Soviet group, constitutes the greatest obstacle the Americans have encountered in their policy of increasing economic blockade.

In effect, nothing makes sense that does not include a large-scale revival of East-West trade based on an exchange between the areas producing high-class technical products, chiefly machinery and electrical equipment, and the areas producing an exportable surplus of timber, rubber, and, one hopes, coal. The Battle Bill is fully as sharp a blow to the hopes of West European prosperity as the armaments drive. Perhaps Mr. Gaitskell has been telling this to the Americans, as well as explaining why it is beyond Western Europe's power to provide the arms it was compelled to promise. We sincerely hope he has; but we cannot feel any confidence that even if he can convince Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson, his logic will have much effect on the politicians who make laws in Congress in the spirit of Kipling's *Village That Voted The Earth Was Flat*.

London Diary

THE mud slung at election times is perhaps less noisome and less adhesive than it was, say, thirty years ago. But I wish the hustings would adopt the method of reasoned comparison, an intelligent offer of alternatives, as a substitute for nose-thumbing rancour and a technique of insult that never fails to set the libel writs circulating. However, I asked a friend about all this the other day, a particularly violent polemicist who sincerely holds that his political adversaries are determined enemies of man; and he virtually convinced me that I didn't know what I was talking about. "If any party fought an election your way," he said, "it would do it once and never be heard of again. An election campaign isn't a quest for truth." He didn't say what else it was. It reminded me of Wells's reflection that "the human mind is as much a product of the struggle for survival as the snout of a pig, and may be as little equipped for the unearthing of fundamental truth."

* * *

When I open *The Times* in the morning, I always look first at the letters. I don't necessarily read them at once, but I must know who has written about what before my head swivels to the news page, and even then my eyes sometimes lag, so that for a full minute I am still reading a letter hurriedly from the corners of them. The result sometimes is that the main news item, when at last I give it my attention, afflicts me with a "double-take" that makes me gasp. Does anyone else do this? The trouble is, I can never get past a column of letters in any paper, whether they are worth reading or not. (I suppose I must think they are.) So I probably spend three hours a week reading Letters-to-the-Editor in morning and evening newspapers and weekly journals, though a large number of them are of an ineffable stupidity, intolerance and arrogance combined—and the world is full of books crying out to be read, enticing, wonderful books to which I could give three hours a week if only I were strong-minded.

There is one issue upon which I should be strong-minded if I were an editor (which, for the paper's sake and mine, God forbid). No letter would ever be published which began "Sir, my attention has been drawn . . ." It means "Nothing would induce me to read your ridiculous sheet, but it is apparent that certain news-cutting agencies do." You can form a fair estimate of a man's self-importance from this opening; and you can, by the same token, savour the *douceur* of some of our greatest men and women on the historic occasions when they write to *Peg's Paper*, *Tiger Tim's Weekly*, or the *Greyhound Express*: "Dear Sir, I was interested to read . . ."

* * *

The Times had a profoundly depressing letter last week from Mr. G. Spencer Brown, of Trinity College, Cambridge, attempting to answer one from Mr. Magnus Wechsler that deplored the current violence to children. Mr. Brown has "seen no cases of mental disorder arising through excess of corporal punishment," but he has "often seen cases of extreme maladjustment and unhappiness in children who have suffered no systematic punishment at all. Sometimes," he goes on, "I have had to beat them very hard for faults which they were otherwise unable to prevent. The pleasure of this process has been not . . . in the beating itself but in the very real increase in health and happiness of the child."

Such a letter would be incredible if one didn't know that there are still people who believe the earth to be flat and that thunder turns the milk sour. Mr. Brown clearly believes that the case for non-violence has something to do with the severity of the caning or that someone denies that children can be whipped into good behaviour. Psychiatrists, and indeed all doctors who have any close knowledge of psychological ills, are unanimous in their evidence that the effects of whipping are often to prevent a normal erotic development and thus to cause the utmost misery among respectably married people. The difficulty is that, apart from the technical books, few sado-masochists ever confess to the abnormality. All that is uncommon in the case of Rousseau is that he did.

* * *

This is an opportunity to record, if only for my own fancy, what the South Bank Exhibition did to me. I pass the site of it every day, and I saw it transformed from a dingy waterside dump into the magical place that it became. Before the builders' army descended upon it, I was against the whole project—for the present. While there was one family living in overcrowded squalor, I felt, while there was one hospital turning away patients, one schoolroom with children three in a desk, one prison with men sleeping three in a cell, neither labour nor materials should be spared from the task of putting those things right. I still hold, as I contemplate the mountainous blocks of government offices nearing completion in Whitehall and at Holborn Circus, that bundles of buff and pink papers could be filed in Nissen huts. I would cover the Horse Guards Parade with prefabs, in which my masters could wield their rubber stamps as wildly as in ferro-concrete skyscrapers, while the great new buildings housed the people.

But the Festival layout got so entrancing that the voice of conscience was smothered. I began to swell with pride in the whole thing. I admired and loved again the ant-like ingenuity of man; I strode over Waterloo Bridge humming "Rule Britannia." I persuaded myself that it was all of measureless value to our trade recovery, and that it would be useless to build huge housing estates if they were to stand empty because no one had any money. (I rather liked this, and resented the discovery that the Festival was not primarily intended to stimulate trade.) I snatched greedily at Ministerial assurances that the amount of cement diverted from house-building was too small to make any difference, because there have always been sums that I couldn't do. But all these were rationalisations. I knew all the time what was endearing the Festival to me. It was the crack-pot opposition campaign of the Beaverbrook Press, especially the *Evening Standard*, which I buy because a retired pugilist outside Holborn Tube Station makes me. I saw that anything so infuriating to the Express Newspapers must have something good in it, and I took it all to my heart with the

feeling that if the poor could not, for the moment, get bread, then they must eat cake.

* * *

They had cake last Sunday night, when the South Bank closed down; the few last-minute serious visitors were lost among the merry-makers, the supreme exhibit was the crowd itself. It was a wonderful occasion, typifying what the Festival has done to London in these 150 days and showing that we can, when we feel like it, movingly dramatise the feeling of common purpose without wearing jack-boots. I wanted the Exhibition to go on for months, but luckily the decision rested with wiser people, who saw that it is better to finish with a bang than a whimper. It finished with a bang, while everyone still loved it. I believe it will be found that the remarkable team of architects, painters and technicians have made it a salient event in the aesthetic calendar, so that "pre-Festival" may become as evocative a term as Pre-Raphaelite. On the final night a few people noticed the man primarily responsible for it all, Sir Gerald Barry, strolling quite alone among the excited thousands: he had arrived with a party, but detached himself to savour the last couple of hours in the solitude which you can only find in a crowd. I can only guess his feelings, but he must have been a happy man.

C. H. ROLPH

EATANSWILL REVISITED

To-day's elections bring recollections
Of hustings battles by Blue and Buff,
When Fizkin, sneering, and Slumkey, jeering,
Denounced each other's disgraceful bluff.
Forthright, hard-hitting, their case submitting
With boundless faith in the people's will,
To the public-spirited, level-headed, resolute voters
of Eatanswill.

Now Fizkin (Labour) assures his neighbour
The State will totter if Tories rule—
Employer's knavery means wage-slavery,
The worker used as the rich man's tool,
While Party planners with Labour banners
Their welfare pledges will all fulfil
For the fine, upstanding, patriotic, manly electors
of Eatanswill.

While Slumkey (Tory) sees Britain's glory
In murk, mud, mire and misery fade,
Sees the Empire crumble while Socialists fumble,
With prestige vanished and trade decayed,
Sees freedom mangled and genius strangled,
And looming peril of worse things still
For the highly intelligent, wholly unprejudiced,
honest voters of Eatanswill.

Election candour, election slander,
Party passion and bandied blame,
Recrimination, extenuation—
"Bravo!" cries Fizkin, and Slumkey,
"Shame!"
There's no denying times will be trying,
But both propose to sugar the pill
For the firm, disinterested, proud, enlightened,
loyal electors of Eatanswill.

The Fizkin volley at Slumkey's folly
Is drowned by Slumkey's answering roar—
Then anxious quiet succeeds the riot,
And the fate of the nation rests once more
On the noble-minded (or duped and blinded)
realistic (or imbecile)
Fully-responsible (semi-hysterical) floating
voters of Eatanswill.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD

"It's a real beauty . . . but you can still tell it's British," commented a police inspector outside a London car showroom yesterday when the new three-litre Daimler Regency model was uncovered. —*News-Chronicle*. (R. Cockett.)

There is much talk of war, but I am an optimist, and believe that if we avoid it we can look to a better future.—From *Welwyn Times*. (K. G. Douglas.)

Christian housekeeper required for working man. Others can apply.—Advt. in *Western Morning News*. (M. V. Wauchope.)

If you really want the Conservatives to win the General Election, then stop calling them Tories—Letter in *Daily Mail*. (D. W. Jex.)

Probably, however, the most important lesson of cubhunting is that learned by the surviving cubs. Any which have the pluck and cunning to enable them to escape will grow into the right sort of foxes. —*Observer*. (Jack Duke.)

Tyneside Story

"IN February, 1950," said the railwayman, "the Newcastle and District Trades Council called a conference. Ay, a conference on unemployment. To discuss the growing unemployment on Tyneside." He threw back his head, and then set down the mug half empty. He explained: "Well, rearmament's cured all that. We've full employment again on the Tyne. Course, I agree: it makes for war just like it did before—but what're you going to tell the lads that's living from it? Ask them to go on the dole?"

To anyone who lived on Tyneside during the 'thirties, as I did for a while, the changes you can mark from Newcastle down to Tynemouth on the one side, and from Blaydon through Jarrow to Sunderland on the other, are obvious and warm the heart. The Tories left these people to rot and starve: wartime employment, and then "the Labour," have put flesh into their cheeks, clothes on their backs and boots on their feet, new hope and interest in their hearts. Important structural changes have taken place: in the last few years Geordie's wife and daughter have gone out to work, which they could not do so long as the area depended solely on heavy industry. Many families now have two or three incomes where formerly they had only one. The trading estates of the North-East and Cumberland areas employ about 60,000 workers, of whom many are women, in light industries never seen before: and this number may possibly rise to 100,000 within the next year or so. The Tyne is full of ships, built and building: Jarrow has orders for the next three years, and the other yards are in the same happy case. For the 2.3 million people of the North-Eastern Region unemployment varies according to trade between 0.2 per cent. and 3 per cent., with the average at no more than 1.9 per cent.

"Ay, but for all that," said the railwayman, "this General Election will be the end of the peaceful period. You mark my words. The unions aren't going to hold themselves in any longer. Man, they can't——."

"But you won't have it both ways. You won't have full-blast rearmament and still keep down the cost of living. Which do you choose?"

"Choose, man? The workers aren't choosing. They want employment: and if it's tanks they've got to make then they'll make tanks. But as for the cost of living . . . as for *that*, the workers say that it's the job of the unions to square us with the cost of living. And do you know what else they say? They say that if the unions won't fight the Labour Government for a better living, then maybe it'd do us better to let them fight a Tory Government."

A wrongheaded opinion but not, I should guess, an altogether rare one, though oftener thought than spoken. For an electoral campaign, not nearly rare enough: even though Tyneside remains an area where the Labour Movement is impregnably, unshakeably, strong. The North-East will vote Labour, solidly, automatically, almost unconsciously, till all the seas gang dry; and for the best of reasons. But that in no way eliminates a sense of deep frustration, or prevents the Labour voters of the North-East, when changed from the character of parliamentary electors to that of trade unionists, from voting damnation to the economic policies of Mr. Gaitskell. "I'm making seven quid a week," said the electrician, "and before the war I was making £3 14s. Are you telling me I'm better off, when for twelve years I've been running to keep still in the same place?"

Foreign policy, the dangers of war, the rights and wrongs of rearmament—these issues play little electoral part up here. They are profoundly suspect, more often, as red herrings designed to deflect a man's gaze from the size of his wage packet. No doubt some of the younger people in the local Divisional Parties are excited about German rearmament and say they won't fight alongside a bunch of filthy Nazis: no doubt there is a minority which wants a new Left line in foreign policy: no doubt Harold Wilson was given a fine reception by some 350 delegates of local organisations when he spoke in Newcastle earlier this month. But these things belong to the realm of "party activities": they do not stir the heart and make a man clench his fist with angry determination.

But the cost of living does. The *Northern Star*, praiseworthy revival from a fighting Chartist past which appeared, earlier this year, as a Labour voice to set alongside the strident anti-Labour sheets of the Kemsley monopoly on Tyneside, comes near the root of the matter. *Record Profits as Cost of Living Soars* were its headlines for August. And just look at some of the profits of the last financial year for these Tories who say the country's going to rack and ruin: Parsons (engineering) made £656,589; Reyrolles (engineering) made £775,495; Northern General Transport made £333,137 (dividend of 25 per cent.); British Ropes made £1,606,503. . . . "In the first five months of this year, published company profits increased by 22 per cent. over those of last year."

"That's the kind of stuff we understand up here," said the engineer. "And you're suggesting that we shan't make things difficult for the next Government? Well, Labour Government or Tory Government—and God help the Tories if they do get in—we *are* going to make things difficult. It's our duty. We're going to get a decent living for our men."

"But Labour's done a lot up here?"

"Of course, it has. Man, it's our Government. But don't kid yourself it's all beer and skittles. Look at the 270 Tyne Improvement men who've been on strike for two months now. They get 118s. a week. Could you live on that? And there's a firm I know that's working an evening shift for women—six to ten."

"Can they get workers?"

"All they want——"

"That's just greed," interrupted the other engineer: "A lot of that's greed." For this gaunt

stalwart, at any rate, nothing could or should be said against the Labour Government. It might make mistakes; it might fall short, but it was *our* Government, man . . .

The Scarborough resolutions reflected clearly where anxieties lie. *Wallsend* urges Government to control and reduce excessive profits. *Sunderland* wants a revision of the cost of living index, a drastic reduction in the profits being made in the manufacturing and distributive industries, and measures to ensure that no profits at all should be made out of the rearmament drive. *Blaydon* calls for strict supervision of food prices in the whole of the distributive channels, and "immediate and drastic" action against inflation. *Consett* demands rigorous control of profits and tighter price controls . . . and so on and so forth for most of these constituencies.

This Labour Movement, then, some of the best bone and sinew of the whole Movement, has accepted rearmament and all its concomitant foreign policy with an almost casual indifference. But it is far from having accepted the consequences. Quite to the contrary, the consequences begin now to stir it to the depths, calling up those spectres of starvation which still make men and women in the North-East sleep uneasily at nights for the remembering of what went before. To the ineradicable conviction that Toryism means hunger there is added, accordingly, a sense of bewilderment, confusion, incipient disgust. "There's more frustration in the Movement, I'm telling you," said the railwayman, a great talker, "than at any period I can remember." But this time the railwayman was speaking what is now on many people's lips in one form or another. "I've worked in the Movement for twenty-five years," said the clerical worker, staunchly orthodox: "And it just begins to seem as if the whole show was quietly running down to a stop. There's apathy, too much apathy . . . and now we're going into an election without any real rallying-cry. We're united not so much for something, as it was in the old days, as against something. And I don't like it."

"It won't be an easy election to fight," said the shop assistant: "Oh, not because any of us doubts what Tory government would mean. They'll never catch us that way. No, but simply because we shall be on the defensive. Why are we having an election now instead of next year? Do we know? And if we think we do, can we admit it?" Random voices, of course: but still the voices of skilled and thoughtful men who have given, and give, the Labour Movement their passionate allegiance, who could scarcely imagine their lives without the Movement, and who now hate to voice the thought that the Movement may have run on to the wrong track, may be facing defeat . . . may even prefer defeat . . . Perhaps nowhere else in England can one seize the Labour Movement's dilemma as fully and directly as here on Tyneside, where the issue of Labour *versus* Tory is scarcely worth discussing, so sure are working men that Toryism is their worst enemy. Hitherto, unquestioning loyalty to the leadership has seemed enough. A doubt now intrudes itself, gnawing, hateful: yes, but even so—to qualify loyalty by thoughtful criticism would be to overturn the habits of a lifetime. Nowhere else, probably, is the failure of Transport House to promote the discussion of first principles (indeed, the determination of Transport House to smother any such discussion) more obviously demoralising.

"In 1945, man, we'd something to fight for," said the clerical worker: "But what are we fighting for now? What's the next step? Where do we go to carry on from here? Nationalise cement? For heaven's sake. . ." Without a breath of the old educational enthusiasm of the past, the Movement sags and gibes in the stillness: the N.C.L.C. is sleeping where formerly it threw up a whole generation of potential leaders, the W.E.A. is so "non-party" it can scarcely hear itself speak, the probings of the I.L.P. are gone, the rebels are forgotten, the Communists are few and isolated. Dust lies thick on the great doctrinal disputes of the past. And yet, and yet . . . the memory of those old unhappy far-off things, pushed away these past five years and more, returns now to make men nag at their self-confidence and wonder with a new apprehension what the future may hold.

Puzzled, disappointed, not far from anger at the way things go, the Labour voters of Tyneside will vote Labour again on October 25. Their spirit will be dour, and, if Labour should by any chance be beaten on the national count (for it will not be beaten on the local count), they will want to know the reason why in a tone of voice which Transport House will not be able to ignore. Meanwhile, and in any case, they will keep their eyes glued to the cost of living. They may have to make guns, and they may have to take the consequences in war (though that contingency seems so far away on Tyneside as scarcely to be real at all); but nobody is going to persuade them that their hard-won wages should take the rap.

And that is about all for the moment. Full employment means a great deal in an area where living men and women can still remember, with the clarity of yesterday, periods of five and ten years during which there wasn't so much as the smell of a job. But to-day! Out there, in the street, the Council is at last tearing up the tramlines. For years the tramlines have lain unused, now that Newcastle has the trolley-buses. But to-day the steel mills are howling for scrap, and the Germans are sending less and less, and at last they're tearing up the tramlines . . . whilst over in Jarrow, and all along the Tyne, the shipyards rumble and scream and shriek . . . and Vickers can't get men enough . . . and every mother's son (and daughter) can do a decent day's work.

Tyneside, September. BASIL DAVIDSON

Oily Spectacles

PERSIA is enough to make an oil man weep. As I was once in the international oil business myself I confess I have been on the verge of tears of vexation more than once in the past few weeks. In the good old days, before the Security Council, we knew how to handle sensitive foreigners. And we got the oil, if we were left to ourselves. Difficulties always came when Great Powers interfered.

Developing a foreign oil field was always a very delicate matter politically, as well as a very risky one financially. Oil is the most valuable commodity in international trade, and if a vast reservoir of oil is proved beneath a miserably poor and backward country it is apt to go to the heads of the ruling class. (Oil reserves in Persia, for example, are estimated at 6,000 million barrels, which is worth about £5,000 millions at present prices.) It was always worth our commercial while to pay generous royalties and look after the ruling class. And lest you should think we were entirely cynical, I would add that we also considered it worth our while to be a model employer and to spend millions on the work people, building excellent huts, hospitals, schools, recreation rooms and roads, in fact, providing social services after the manner of the best Welfare States. But we were always realistic enough to recognise that if, in spite of everything that we had done for their benefit, the Government of a backward oil country turned nasty—or Communist, to use the modern expression—we could do nothing about it. The oil was under their soil and we could not take it away. All we could say to them was: "Very well, the oil is yours. It is no good to you if it stays underground, and it will cost millions of pounds to get it out. Moreover, if you have the money you have not got the technicians or the plant. You will not be able to hire the skilled men, who like security of employment and a Western boss, or buy the expensive tools which are only made in America and Great Britain and have to be paid for in dollars or pounds which you have not got. So, if you want to exploit your oil, you had better give us a contract to produce it and refine it (under your control) and sell it for you in the world's markets. No doubt we can come to terms after a great deal of haggling. But please compensate us for the money which we put into your property before you seized it from us." This is the line wise commercial oil men would have taken in Persia.

We have had plenty of experience in handling difficult Governments in oil disputes. With the exercise of tact, patience and money a bargain was usually made. There have been exceptions, and the most notable was Mexico which nationalised oil in its 1917 Constitution. Expropriation of foreign oil properties in Mexico followed in the late nineteen-thirties. Oil production then dropped heavily with severe loss of revenues to the Mexican Government. But it made no difference to a proud and stubborn people. The oil companies were not invited back again. It was not until 1947 that our Mexican Eagle Oil Company was able to reach an agreement with the Mexican Government for compensation. (Fifteen annual instalments of $8,689,258 are now being paid to the Company over the years 1948 to 1962. Incidentally, payments are made in U.S. currency which goes to supplement our dollar security pool. It is an ill wind which blows nobody any good!)

It is true that whenever difficulties arose with awkward Governments of backward oil areas, they were always worsened when the Great Powers intervened. Of course, as soon as the First World War had demonstrated that oil was the most important of all war materials, the Great Powers never stopped interfering. In *The Oil Trusts and Anglo-American Relations*, a book which I wrote in 1923, I revealed some of the undignified squabbling between the victorious Allies which had been raging over the oil of the Middle East. The Notes which had passed between Whitehall and Washington were ruder than anything that Moscow has since despatched. We British then had to pacify the United States and France by giving each 23¼ per cent. of the Iraq oil fields. But the unseemly commotion was sufficient to put the Governments of the backward oil countries wise to the politics of international oil. Incidentally, in this book I criticised our Government control of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (and advocated selling the Government shares) because I thought it would hamper the Company commercially and lead to dangerous political complications. After the Second World War I had hoped that the new victorious Allies would have learned their oil lessons and worked out an "open door" policy for the Middle East. But not a bit of it! Mr. Ickes, the then U.S.

EXHIBITION
GANYMED REPRODUCTIONS
and the first showing of
Ganymed Collographs
by HENRY MOORE
September 28th—October 27th Daily 10—6, inc. Saturdays
ZWEMMER GALLERY, 26, Litchfield Street, W.C.2.
Near Cambridge Circus

Secretary of the Interior, was an oil imperialist. The oil empire, he said, was on the march to the Middle East—its oil reserves were over 30,000 million barrels and much larger than those of America—and Mr. Ickes went after it by signing an oil agreement with Mr. Ernest Bevin, which said, in effect, to Russia: "Hands off Anglo-American oil preserves in the Middle East!"

Is it any wonder that Persia became madly nationalistic? The First World War had brought British imperialism into Persian oil. It was Mr. Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty in 1914, who had bought control of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The Second World War had brought the partitioning of Persia "for the duration" between Russia and Great Britain—the Shah used to have to get a Russian permit to visit his capital—and although peace saw the victors reluctantly depart, the oil tension remained. In the North, the Russians asked for an oil concession which the Majlis was unwilling to grant. In the South, the Persian Government wanted to scrap the sixty-year 1933 concession, which the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company naturally resisted. When a new agreement* was finally agreed in 1949 it was too late politically. The post-war opportunity for friendly co-operation between the Company and the Persians on a 50/50 basis and a local Persian administration had been lost. If only the Company had shown some political imagination. If only Foreign Office control had been less stultifying, if only—but to go on will make our international oil men burst again into tears.

Yet the Persian oil trouble could not have come at a better time for the oil trade. There is always a potential over-production of oil. By the summer of 1951, when the trouble started, the drillers were so far ahead with their field development, having discovered some big new fields in recent years, that all they had to do when the Persian tap was turned off was to open the taps more widely in other fields, principally in Texas, Venezuela and Kuwait. (As Kuwait is worked by Anglo-Iranian in partnership with Gulf Oil (U.S.) no time was lost in doubling its 1950 rate of production. Its reserves are bigger than those of Persia.) By the end of the year the Persian gap (32 million tons a year) will have been made good. The 1951 world production of oil will be in excess of the 1950 total, which was nearly 525 million tons. But in spite of this flood of crude oil it would not have been possible to replace Persian oil if there had not been a big expansion in the world's refineries. The Abadan refinery had an output of 25 million tons a year. By the end of 1951, the increase over 1950 in the British refinery output will be 8 million tons (making 20 million tons in all) and in the European about 15 million tons (making 32 million tons). All this is apart from the expansion in the United States. If there had been no hold-up in Persia we should have been complaining that oil supplies had temporarily run ahead of the market, and have been fearful lest oil prices might fall.

But when will all this political nonsense stop? When will the oil wealth of the world be regarded as a trust for humanity to be exploited for the benefit of the human race—with a first charge on local field revenues for the benefit of the backward peoples living over the oil? To ask such simple questions to-day will no doubt bring a laugh to sophisticated politicians.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

* Under the old agreement the royalties paid to the Persian Government over the two years 1948 and 1949 came to only £22,661,000, although £51,150,000 was paid to the British Government in taxation. The new agreement, if ratified, would have given the Persians £41,557,000.

Nepal

II.—Revolution in the Himalayas

For a few days last November, Nepal suddenly emerged from its Himalayan isolation into the world's press. The King had escaped from his palace and found asylum in the Indian Embassy in Kathmandu, and whilst he was still there the Prime Minister had crowned the King's 3-year-old grandson. Who was the King? Pandit Nehru supported King Tribhuvana. Mr. Bevin, on the advice of his Ambassador, wanted to recognise the grandson. The Indian view won the day.

The name of Tribhuvana Bir Bikram Shah Deva, King of Nepal, must be included on the roll of honour of Asia's awakening. Like his comrades in India and Burma, in Indonesia and Indo-China, he too was a prisoner in the cause of his country's freedom. Not for him the gaols of British rulers, not the malarial swamps of West Irian, not the Vietnamese Devil's Island; he was a prisoner in an enchanted garden and a magnificent palace. "This garden," he said as we walked round it together one day in Kathmandu, "was my only world." Behind their prison walls, Nehru, Thankin Nu and Sjahrir all wrote history. King Tribhuvana, also sensitive and politically minded, read history, both European and Asian. One of the books which most influenced his views, he told me, was *A Grammar of Politics* by Harold Laski.

For the last hundred years Kings of Nepal have been mere figureheads, prisoners of the Prime Minister and the Rana family, who had powers greater than those of any sovereign. But the Ranas could not control the King's mind, nor the minds of an increasing number of young Nepalese who understood the anachronism of the regime. Some of them were students in Patna University, to which Nepal's only college, Trichandra, is attached, and there they worked with the Indian National Congress, and some of them, later, with the Indian Socialist Party.

From time to time between the two world wars individuals challenged Ranarchy; a young poet who was at once gaoled because his words inspired people to think for themselves; a young man who was thrashed because a photo of Gandhi was found in his room; a teacher who was imprisoned for two years for sponsoring a scheme to open a public library. But it was not until 1938 that the Ranas were faced with any organised campaign. In that year the *Praja Parishad* (the People's Council) was founded and King Tribhuvana became its patron and contributed to its funds. The Ranas' response to this campaign for constitutional rule was to make many arrests, to bring the King to trial and declare him unfit to govern. They kept him powerless on his throne. Four leaders were executed and their corpses exposed in public for twenty-four hours. The result was not to terrorise but to encourage revolt and to persuade the rebels that the King was on their side.

Some of the men who were imprisoned at that time are now in the Government. One of them told me that in 1942, when the British collapsed in Malaya and Burma, they believed that the defeat of the British Empire would mean the collapse of the Rana regime. The present Home Minister, B. P. Koirala, working with underground groups on the Indian-Nepalese frontier, entered Nepal illegally, organised a civil-disobedience campaign and was arrested. With the achievement of Indian independence in 1947, these Nepalese patriots were free to organise their movement openly and the Nepali Congress was founded. From that time onwards Congress workers organised groups along the frontier, in the Valley and in Himalayan villages. At the end of August, 1950, twenty Congress members entered Kathmandu illegally in the guise of farmers. They were arrested. The Prime Minister wanted to execute the leaders but the King refused to sign their death warrant. He was in fact in touch with the Nepali Congress and when he escaped from his palace three months later—on November 6, 1950—Congress workers started their attack on several frontier towns. Though they had only the most primitive of weapons they gained control after a month's fighting. Several garrisons of State troops surrendered. Meanwhile the Ranas sought other methods to meet the Congress challenge.

In Kathmandu, where King Tribhuvana was still an honoured, though uninvited, guest of the Indian Ambassador, the Prime Minister himself crowned the King's grandson, bedecking the 3-year-old child in coronation robes and exhibiting him from a window in his own palace to a crowd of bewildered people. Two days later (November 8) the Congress countered this move. An adventurous pilot slipped through the Himalayas and dropped thousands of leaflets telling the people to keep calm and to continue their support of King Tribhuvana and the Congress. The next day, when the streets of Kathmandu were crowded with people, and with 20,000 soldiers, five cars left the Indian Embassy and drove through the town to the airstrip about six miles away. In the first car sat His Majesty the King and His Excellency the Indian Ambassador; they were followed by the royal family and staff. They had no protection. They needed none, for the crowds were with them.

Delhi then became the centre of this unusual political drama. The chief actors were the King, the brothers B. P. and M. P. Koirala straight from the battlefield, and, later, the representatives of the Ranas, General Kaiser Shumsher and General Bijaya Shumsher, brother and younger son respectively of the Prime Minister. Pandit Nehru and his Ambassador to Nepal, Sir C. P. N. Singh, completed the picture and directed the proceedings. After weeks of negotiations a compromise agreement was made which laid the foundations for a peaceful change from the absolute autocracy of the Ranas to a constitutional Monarchy and an elected Government.

Back again in Kathmandu the King and his Congress colleagues had a great popular ovation as they landed on the airstrip. On February 18, 1951, a royal proclamation promised "a democratic Constitution framed by a Constituent Assembly" elected by the people, and, pending such a Constitution, it set up a Council of Ministers; five of them were Congress men and five were Ranas. The dictatorial powers of the Prime Minister were ended; in future he had to communicate all decisions of the Council of Ministers to the King.

The Nepali Congress had won a great victory and the Ranas had yielded much of their power. But the compromise, with its half-and-half Congress-Rana Government has inevitably proved uneasy and precariously balanced. The Congress Ministers want a democratic Nepal; the Ranas mainly hope to preserve what they can of the old regime. A section of the Nepali Congress, as yet unorganised but potentially troublesome, considers the agreement as a betrayal of the uncompleted revolution. I met some sincere people who held this view; others were obviously frustrated, personally ambitious and liable to listen to any extremist propaganda—Right or Left, Rana or Communist.

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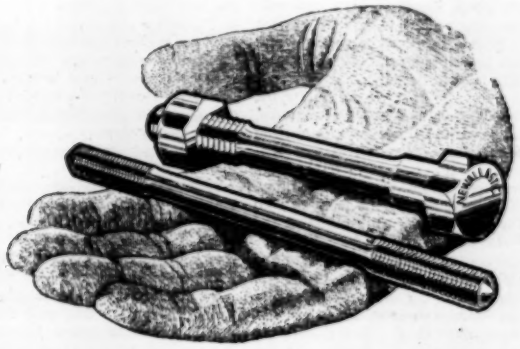

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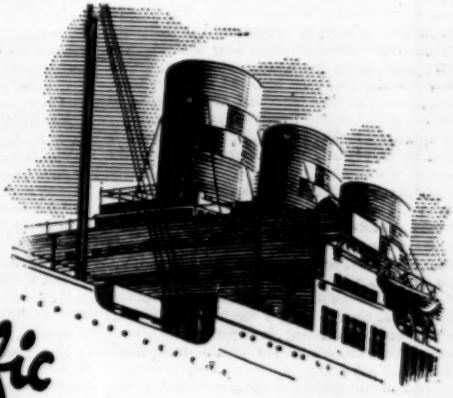

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One thing is very clear in Kathmandu to-day: the clock can never be put back to Ranarchy. The problem is how far and how soon it can move forwards to Democracy. The revolution, it must be remembered, was organised by a relatively small Congress organisation and with the support of the King. Events happened so suddenly and moved at such lightning speed last winter that many politically-minded Nepalese, and especially the students, expected changes to continue at the same pace. To-day there is some disappointment, reflected in the growth of a number of mushroom political parties, usually centred round frustrated individuals, and in some remote provinces there has even been spasmodic guerilla fighting. The Nepali Congress, however, is likely to hold the field; it is strengthening its organisation and it has a very able leader in M. P. Koirala.

The Congress Ministers themselves, often thwarted by their Rana colleagues who do not share their enthusiasm for change, work night and day to build up a modern administration. They started practically from scratch; there was no Secretariat, there was no Budget. A few months ago the Prime Minister was asked to vacate his 1,000-roomed palace, Singha Durbar, to make way for the headquarters of the Government; a move which had its significance for the people. Suites which a few months ago were occupied by the Ranas are to-day Government Departments. The Minister of Defence works in the elaborately-painted green suite which belonged to the chief Rani. I discussed industrial problems with the Minister of Commerce and Industry in a suite whose Rani occupant clearly had a preference for bright pink, ceilings as well as walls. A year ago this particular Minister, a fine revolutionary worker named Ganeshman Singh, was the Prime Minister's prisoner; from his room we could see the building where he was cruelly flogged last September in an unsuccessful effort to make him divulge the names of his Congress colleagues. Hundreds of new offices in this Secretariat have no equipment but an odd assortment of chairs, iron, wood, plush and brocade upholstered, all left behind by the Prime Minister when he moved to a slightly smaller palace. There is a makeshift telephone system; the wires dangle between trees like washing lines, whilst the instruments would delight the Marx Brothers. Outside the Valley itself there are no roads, just mountain tracks. There is no water supply; the Prime Minister solves this problem personally by sending carriers to fetch his water from the mountains 15 miles away. Kathmandu has a few schools, a college and a hospital; beyond the Valley (20 miles long and 15 miles wide) such social necessities do not exist in a mountain area 500 miles long and 120 miles wide. Technicians of any kind are non-existent; it was the policy of the Ranas to keep the country backward and illiterate whilst they enjoyed a fantastic luxury and most of the gadgets of the modern world.

The ferment of change is spreading in Nepal to-day. I met young writers who were free to discuss modern ideas; painters who can now choose some other subject than an extravagantly uniformed Rana or a sumptuously clothed Rani, and students who excitedly asked me questions about English politics. All of them were free for the first time to meet a foreigner. I listened to the first broadcasting in Nepal—from a two-roomed broadcasting station with a single transmitter and microphones which were sometimes changed in the middle of an item. Women are free to organise; they discussed frankly and maturely with me their plans to get rid of child marriage, and described their hostel where child widows can have a new start in life. They discussed the rights of women to work and to have equal pay for it. They are determined to attack the system of polygamy; they told me that they were in favour of our Western system of "marriage for love." "And what are the chief problems of conjugal life in England," they asked me, amongst many other personal questions which emerge when women achieve their freedom. I met young women teachers just off to colleges in India to work for degrees which would qualify them to organise Higher Education in Nepal and others who were running night schools for women.

As I met one group after another struggling to build a better life for the eight million people of Nepal, I often thought about those grandiose schemes associated with Point Four, Technical Assistance and the Colombo Plan, all of which have so far ignored these efforts. Indian Technical Missions are in Kathmandu, helping to plan roads and an air line, new industries and an up-to-date administrative system. But India has its own tremendous needs, which will make it difficult for India to keep pace with the demands that an awakened Nepal is bound to make upon its neighbour. In the past, the Nepalese have played an important role in the armies of the Western Powers. The entrance hall of the British Embassy is decorated with the photographs of Gurkha officers who have distinguished themselves for bravery on many a battlefield. To-day, however, the people of Nepal no longer hold that bravery is enough.

Kathmandu, Nepal. DOROTHY WOODMAN

Witnesses of the Millennium

ALL human institutions will be destroyed within the next twenty-three years at the battle of Armageddon. This is one of the main tenets of the sect variously known as Jehovah's Witnesses, The Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, The International Bible Students' Association and the Russellites. The faithful, that is, Jehovah's Witnesses, will not die. Millions now living will never die. They will live on, a perfect society of perfect human beings upon a perfect earth, in a condition of eternal springtime and youth for ever and ever. It is specifically revealed that all will be able to sing perfectly. From these happy people, 144,000 will be selected for reserved places in Heaven. As the main, if not the only, duty of a Witness is to sell pamphlets, these places will presumably go to those who have sold most pamphlets.

Another important tenet is that Christ's Second Coming took place in 1874—in invisible form. Doubts regarding this are dispelled by the words of Judge Rutherford, until a few years ago leader of the sect. In *The Harp of God* he speaks of "the marvellous increase of light and the inventions and discoveries" which provide "further evidence of the Lord's presence since that date." He even gives an alphabetical list of them, which includes: adding machines, automatic couplers, barbed wire, correspondence schools, Darkest Africa, disk ploughs, Divine Plan of the Ages, dynamite, escalators.

The founder of the movement was Pastor Russell. Born in Pittsburgh, in 1852, Russell was repelled, while still very young, by the doctrine of hell fire held by his Congregationalist parents. He could not believe that there was any biblical authority for it, so he resolved to devote himself to the study of the Bible to prove his case. These studies quickly led to his proclamation, just before he came of age, that hell is death—not the death we know of, but a second death after resurrection during the coming Millennium. This second death is final—a complete annihilation of body and soul. It is reserved, however, only for those who, given a second chance through resurrection during the Millennium, still obstinately refuse to embrace the true faith. Everyone will be resurrected, beginning with those who died most recently and finishing up with Adam. This process will take quite a time. The prudent, who want to know when it will begin, so that they can make their arrangements accordingly, are told that it will be within the century following the Second Coming of Christ. Since that happened in 1874, there are, at the most, only twenty-three years to go. Logically, then, the only safe policy is to embrace the faith at once.

If you have followed me so far you will want to know what you are embracing. Here, then, is a further selection of tenets:—

> Religion is against God.
> The so-called Holy Trinity is a wicked and devilish doctrine.
> The Cross is a pagan phallic symbol.
> Any attempt to improve the living conditions of man is unscriptural and erroneous.
> Vaccination is dangerous superstition, and the germ theory of disease is unsound.

As to the last article of faith, it must not be thought that all medicine is useless. "Santonine," sold in the past by the movement, was claimed as a cure for appendicitis—alleged to be caused by the biting of worms near the juncture of the transverse colon with the small intestines—and also for typhoid fever, due similarly to worms.

A stumbling-block for newcomers centres round the crucial date, 1914. With the establishment of Nebuchadnezzar's Gentile World Government in 606 B.C. the period of Gentile supremacy, or Jewish chastisement, began. This period was to last "seven times" (Lev. xxvi 18 and Dan. iv), which means seven symbolic years of 360 days, each day equal to a calendar year. Now, 606 B.C. + (7 × 360) = A.D. 1914, and in that year the dominion of Satan on earth would end. There were those who felt, as 1914 dragged on, to be succeeded by 1915 and 1916, that the world's troubles had not ended. They were sharply rebuked. "The outward events or physical facts made known in the fulfilment of prophecy in 1914 are clear and plain to all those who diligently seek to know God's word and serve Him." This claim to special esoteric discernment effectively silenced exoteric criticism.

There must be some similar explanation of the prophecy that in 1925, the great Jubilee year, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would be resurrected, fully restored to perfect humanity, and made the visible legal representatives of the new order on earth—"with blowing on the silver trumpet." A luxurious mansion is ready for them in California. Rather than let it stand idle, Judge Rutherford and other leaders occupied it pending the advent of the Saints.

The situation is well summed up by the present leader, Mr. N. H. Knorr, who addressed the mass meeting at Wembley Stadium the other day. In *The Kingdom of God is Nigh*, published in 1944, he wrote: "The truth has never been gotten from the jargon of religion, and it never will." This forthright statement seems amply borne out by a passage on the next page of this work: "No one could make this statement (that the Kingdom of God is nigh) and do so free from an unauthorised private interpretation of the Scriptures unless the same Almighty God caused the in-

spired prophecies to go into actual fulfilment and then caused such fulfilments of prophecy and their meaning to be brought to the notice of His faithful servants."

Neophytes must be prepared for persecution—except, of course, in this country and some of our Colonies. In most other countries, except the United States, the movement has been proscribed. Its leaders have always been persecuted in their own country. Pastor Russell's wife divorced him, alleging immoral practices with women converts, and though he appealed five times he was unsuccessful. Judgment also went against him in a $100,000 libel case in which he sued a newspaper for describing his sale of Miracle Wheat in church—at $60 a bushel. As the Pastor had given all his money to his Society, the cost of the litigation—and the alimony—was paid by his flock.

Judge Rutherford, too, was persecuted. Himself an attorney, he was fined twice for contempt of court, and a third verdict, imputing sharp practice, was returned against him. He also lost a $25,000 libel action to his dismissed chief legal adviser, who had accused him of drinking, bad language, bad temper and living in personal luxury at the expense of the movement. He suffered the final indignity of being sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for conspiring to cause disloyalty in the United States forces. But persecution is welcomed. "God will bring up against the Churches a great rabble of people with a keen sense of outraged justice, Socialists, trades-union men, laborites, social democrats, nihilists and anarchists." At Armageddon, Jesus and his angels will destroy by the sword Satan's organisation on earth, which includes all churches and governments.

And then the Millennium will set in.

G. H. PAYTON

The Arts and Entertainment

CARL NIELSEN

OF all the foreign orchestras which have visited us since the war, the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra has made the most important contribution to our musical life. Not content with proving their mettle in the standard classics, these splendid players have introduced us to a master of whom we knew little or nothing before. Carl Nielsen has had no powerful English advocate, as Hugo Wolf had in Ernest Newman, or Delius in Beecham. His profoundly original music has been, I think, for the most part ignored by such organisations as the International Society for Contemporary Music; it was not, in a superficial sense, "contemporary" enough. It is true that three of Nielsen's six symphonies (Nos. 2, 3 and 5) can be obtained on the gramophone; but two of these are effectively concealed in that "special order" limbo which is rarely penetrated by the inexperienced. Compare this treatment with the publicity and prestige which attended the launching, some 20 years ago, of the Sibelius Society. Yet I think that Nielsen's symphonies will prove, in the long run, quite as valuable as those of Sibelius; and I am sure that his thinking is more truly symphonic than that of Mahler or Bruckner.

A year ago the Danes created something of a sensation at the Edinburgh Festival with the powerful Fifth Symphony of 1922. During the past fortnight, they have performed No. 4 (the "Inextinguishable") at the Festival Hall; and the B.B.C., besides relaying this, have given us studio performances of No. 3 (the "Espansiva") and No. 2 (the "Four Temperaments"). I find it hard to see how a receptive and open-minded listener can miss the freshness, the constructive power and the strong personality revealed in these works. If the descriptive titles bother him, they can be safely neglected. Nielsen is not really a programmatic composer; at any rate, no more so than Vaughan Williams or Beethoven. His titles (when they exist) characterise the music only in a vague and generalised way. But they are interesting because they draw our attention to the vivid humanity and ebullience of the composer's nature. All four temperaments coexist in him, but it is the sanguine—with an endearing dash of the humorously phlegmatic—which carries the day. I expect that is very Danish; it is certainly very lovable. There is nothing easy or shallow in Nielsen's "optimism"; in the first movement of the Fifth Symphony he wrestles with some powerful destructive force, and the Sixth Symphony (not yet performed, I think, in England) is said by a Danish critic to end in "bottomless depths of bitterness and sarcasm." But such a mood is exceptional in Carl Nielsen. What we feel in the bulk of his work is something for which "optimism" is really too crude, too intellectual, and (nowadays) too political-sounding a name: it is a kind of virility, a sense of physical and spiritual well-being, of lively contact with the world of nature and of man. There is a large, free air about his themes; they seem to roam around and do what they like, diverging every now and then into one of those quaint lyrical backwaters (usually for the woodwind) which are so typical of his work, yet never losing the strong forward pull of the movement as a whole. His extensions of normal harmony, though bold and unexpected, are not wilful; and his acutely developed sense of tonality is placed at the service of a large vision of symphonic form. He thinks easily and naturally in extended paragraphs; his ends are implicit in his beginnings. Nowhere is his large grasp of form more evident than in the four linked movements of his Fourth Symphony.

What makes musical criticism difficult (many would say useless) is that the critic who has enough space at his disposal can demonstrate the breadth and subtlety of structure in a symphony until he is blue in the face without convincing a listener who happens to find the flavour of the music uncongenial. And the unconvinced listener is perfectly right, because a capable student could write an imitation symphony, exactly following the layout of the model, but totally devoid of flavour. In the long run, what captivates (or repels) a listener is the personality which, little by little, he begins to perceive behind the notes: the artistic personality, that is to say, not "the man" as revealed by letters and biography. Those who find an element of coldness or pedantry in some of the most gifted composers of our time would do well to examine the work of Carl Nielsen. His flavour, whether we like it or not, is that of a warm-hearted and many-sided human being.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

SOUTH BANK POSTSCRIPT

THE South Bank is closed and bang goes the most life-enhancing thing in London architecture. Dismally we turn our backs on it and realise that, once again, London architecture means old, preserved architecture—the Horse Guards, the Duke of York's Steps, the Clubs; Regent's Park and the Inns of Court; old churches; Georgian gems and (when the light is kind) Victorian gems. Depressing. Last moment attempts to preserve this or that part of South Bank are, nevertheless, misplaced. It was a temporary show and should be swept up with the rest of the Festival débris. The whole thing could be done again, better perhaps, next year or in five or twenty-five years. It had faults, the faults which go with extemporisation and immaturity. Hardly one of the pavilions was, in itself, much more important than a "first-mention" design by a good fifth-year student. On the other hand, it had glorious, breath-taking vitality and it has proved something tremendously significant. It has proved that we have in this country, now, a school of architects,

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designers and engineers who understand each other perfectly, whose aims are as nearly identical as this understanding requires but disparate enough to be in continuous and productive conflict, who are able to extemporise together and to produce all the time something very like harmony, and who, if they still lack a little in technique lack nothing in invention and what one may call architectural *savoir-vivre*.

Who are these architects? A list of names would, I think, mean little to the non-professional reader. They are, for architects, young. The average age of the principal participant in South Bank was just under 40. The veterans were Wells Coates, at 55, and Maxwell Fry, at 52—hoary pioneers who were actually building in the Thirties. The others had hardly built at all: in 1938 many were scarcely on the Register and were probably to be found hacking in other peoples offices. These architects are, in fact, the troublesome students of around 1935—troublesome, "left," self-opinionated, with a marked tendency to instruct their teachers how and what to teach. They are the students who, at that date, discovered Lloyd Wright, Gropius and Le Corbusier for themselves—and behaved as if nobody had discovered them before. It was a second rush of discovery and, as it seems now, the one which was to carry English architecture out of one age into another. This is not to generalise outrageously on the evidence of South Bank; for wherever you look architects of this generation are doing the same kind of thing, talking the same language and looking for the same opportunities to talk it. A situation singularly unlike that prevailing in painting and sculpture.

If the South Bank had done nothing but provide a parade-ground for a new breed of architect it would have served a good purpose. But it did in fact do much more. For years to come "something like South Bank" will be a common expression in architectural talk, especially when the talk runs on space-planning in towns, the grouping of diverse buildings in a civic square or shopping centre. The greatest single achievement of the South Bank people was, unquestionably, this quasi-casual control of space flowing in among varied buildings, a control exercised three-dimensionally, partly by sensitive distribution and partly by the brilliant management of levels. I wrote something to this effect after a hasty look-round on Press Day. A sad farewell visit last week renewed the conviction. I found I had tired of some of the pavilions—the cranky profile of Lion and Unicorn, the slumped green-house effect of Transport, the Land and People wigwams and the too rhetorical arches of the Station Gate building. But the feeling of the whole was still enchanting and I tried to list the things I would remember most gratefully. They included the descent from the Bridge entrance across a narrow *passerelle* flying over the dinghies and ducks; the glorious stance of the dome on its podium, which "held" everything within sight and gave the Fairway that geometrical feeling you get in a sunk garden; the Skylon, for its technical finesse; and the *interior* of Lion and Unicorn for its classic elegance of proportion.

The genius that went into all this—what is to become of it? This is not obvious. At the moment, it is trickling into a few excellent schools and industrial buildings and perhaps into some rehousing projects (though Lansbury was dreadfully unpromising) and very slowly, into the New Towns. But none of these, except the last, provides the opportunity for *collaboration* between architects, and between architects and engineers (a particularly striking feature, by the way) which was provided by the South Bank. In our present impoverished state we can, it seems, create architectural magic on the Thames and throw it all away in six months, like the gentleman who threw his gold plate into the Tiber after dining the Pope. But we can only do this when we are, so to speak, dining the Pope, when we suppose the world to be watching and rallying round with good will and dollars. The same money and effort spent on permanently reconstructing the centre of some particularly frightful black town would daunt us by the sheer immorality of creating a fine thing for ourselves. It seems a pity.

JOHN SUMMERSON

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The company opened with Marivaux's *Les Fausses Confidences*; and there at once was an object lesson for us in high comedy acting. I sometimes feel this branch of the art is in serious danger of dying for the moment with us, as several revivals in the last few years have made clear. Of course in our Restoration and post-Restoration comedies there is an altogether more boisterous and farcical streak than appears in Marivaux. But a fear of boring the audience (I think it is) makes our actors and producers compensate by overdecorating and overplaying. In *Les Fausses Confidences* it was the superb delicacy, finesse and above all the quietness of the acting, and of Madeleine Renaud's in particular, which struck everyone who saw it. How still she kept, and how from that stillness the lightest gesture or movement derived an added force! With Jean Desailly playing beautifully up to her, the climax, carefully worked up to after three acts, consisted of only a quarter-strength cry of "Ah!" and a small start backwards from each of them: yet the gradations up to it have been so subtle that it makes an enormous impression. This, one felt was a model of how high comedy should be played and the enchanting Madeleine Renaud is a mistress of the art.

Jean-Louis Barrault himself plays Dubois, the valet, who holds in his hand all the threads of the complicated intrigue. He plays it with immense exuberance in the Commedia dell' Arte style. This is a kind of acting I personally do not care for at all. M. Barrault does it with a recognisable perfection, but I can't help feeling that his style does not match with the rest of the company. Both he and the protagonists are highly stylised, but the styles are mixed, and they clash. But this is by no means M. Barrault's only style. He is an actor of very wide range: and of marked unselfishness. He doesn't try to impress as a "star," but his intelligence and sincerity are felt everywhere in the company's work.

The styles are mixed, as it seemed to me, again in Gide's *Oedipe* which shares the bill with Salacrou's *Les Nuits de la Colère*. The Gide was to me the most startling and unexpected of the plays offered. Reading the text I had imagined it to be funny, yes, but with irony as the predominating note. Instead with a clap of surprise Barrault opens it with pure burlesque. He has jokingly called Gide's Oedipus a sort of Danny Kaye-Oedipus, and that gives some idea of how he plays it. Doubtless this is how Gide wanted it played—for M. Barrault was a friend of Gide's and would have known this. But in that case the piece strikes me as a failure, the transition from farce to the putting out of the eyes impossible to achieve. All the same, I admired M. Barrault's acting immensely here. The burlesque was brilliantly done; and there is a speech at the end of the second act where he has to kill our laughter and transpose across to the tragic key: this he accomplished with the command of a real master. *Les Nuits de la Colère* is a play of the resistance, which impressed me as being workmanlike and ingenious rather than very moving or profound. Its central characters are a weak bourgeois, Bernard, who finds himself being implicated against his will, and his very decided wife who is determined not to be. (In the part of Bernard, Jean Desailly again excels.) The dramatic method itself is a series of flashbacks and here it was, I thought, that the French have much to learn from us. The scenery and the lighting and the stage management and details of production, all show a carelessness which our best companies would not allow. The Marivaux set for instance was lighted very oddly. The forestage where the acting took place was in comparative darkness; but the actors arrive at it through a bright band of light. The sets for both the Gide and the Marivaux were designed with admirable taste, but constructed carelessly and shoddily.

Partage de Midi (decor by Felix Labisse) is the least open to these criticisms, though there are details one would want different. But the fact about this play is that one sees almost nothing else but the fabulous Edwige Feuillère: for fabulous indeed she is. Such a combination of grace, charm, force, humour, passion I have never seen combined in one actress before. In the first act which moves in a more or less understandable climate, she reminded me constantly of Dame Edith Evans, but in the second and third she went beyond that range. I cannot pretend to feel enthusiastic about the play as a play. I can only say that it seems clearer in performance than on the page—and less successful. But the passionate conviction with which the four characters play it persuades me that the failure is in my grasp of French: and the difficulty of the play should certainly deter no one from the chance of seeing this quite superlative actress.

Space allows no more than these jottings on an event that will echo and reverberate for many months in our minds and conversation. We shall long recall the different kinds of pleasure that these evenings have afforded us, and be stimulated to many comparisons. And, I should like to think, we shall find the balance no longer so decidedly in the favour of the French as, by all accounts, it once was. We can envy, admire and study many of their qualities; but we can also match them with achievements of our own.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

QUITE a few items this week (discussions, features on Nurses, one thing and another) disappeared beneath my very eye—the eye that was on the printed programme—and were replaced by something not in the least analogous. Well, these are delicate times, and I suppose there are reasons. . . . On the other hand, there was no suspension of the week's most striking production—the dramatisation (by Peter Watts) of Albert Maltz's novel *The Cross and the Arrow*. This bold and piercing play, which occupied two and a half hours of Home Service time, and had for its chief actors Donald Wolfit and John Gielgud, was set in a Nazi village containing a war factory, in 1942. Unlike many verse dramas we hear, the effect was even larger than the intention, though the detail was always straightforward, factual, unpretentious. It was divided into five episodes; the fairly simple problem which provided their continuous tension threw out, in each, monstrous branches touching on the corruption in every section of life under the Nazi regime. I found the whole design, as well as the particular theme, extraordinarily impressive.

Douglas Cleverdon's sparkling brisk version of *Crotchet Castle* was the perfect illustration of what is better heard than read—that is, talk for talk's sake: the prose of ideas at every level. I confess that I have never found Peacock easy reading; the less fevered tempo of listening, I realise, is much better suited for that dry and leisured humour, aimed not so much at life as at literature. In this production the absurd company—scholars, dialecticians, wealthy parvenus, meteorologists, antiquarians, and other such *dilettanti* of the 1830s—achieved, with their well-differentiated voices, just the right degree of fantastic life. Archie Harradine's settings of Peacock's songs to contemporary tunes added charm to the Crotchet wit.

William Morris had to wish himself into the past before he could write freely on matters that moved him—love, sin, the relations of men and women. Nothing, I suppose, could be less like Peacock's lightweight satire than Morris's long verse narratives *King Arthur's Tomb* and *The Defence of Guenevere*. Nevertheless, I had the same kind of pleasure from hearing Margaret Rawlings's Pre-Raphaelite voice winding its way through the glooms and tapestries of these intense and passionate poems. An odd Home Service talk that caught my fancy was *The Apothecaries*, by Dr. H. C. Cameron. Delivered in a sage, apothecarial voice, it described the history of their conflict with the physicians (who preferred not to come in contact with patients, but to prescribe in the chop-houses from the apothecaries' reports) and their emergence into the General Practitioners of to-day. Here was an untouched dramatic field, for another Bridie, perhaps.

The Third Programme celebrated its fifth birthday without ostentation—rather as one who gives a few discreetly chosen gifts instead of waiting to receive them. One of these was an anniversary talk by E. M. Forster; another, a new Grenfell-Potter programme, *How to Broadcast*. "Eternal vigilance," observed Mr. Forster, in his Third Programme reflections, "is the price of culture." A talk by him is always something of an occasion—even if one did nothing but listen to each sentence falling with meticulous ease into its ordered, unique pattern. But what he said was, as we might expect, very much to the point, on the Ibsenian thesis of the place of quality in a world of quantity.

How was a review of recent radio, presented with a sort of light and cruel calm, and with very few targets overlooked. The development of the *How* mode of satire (always moving more and more towards the unemphatic) is an interesting one; it consists not of caricature or parody, but of pointing (the kind of pointing that well-bred children are recommended not to do); of fixing a cold gaze, if you like, on what is already there. Lockhart used this method in the *Quarterly*; its effect on some of our major poets was devastating. I particularly appreciated the version of Mrs. D*l*, its hypnotic "ordinariness" carried to a terrifying degree. And that popular educational programme *Don't Be Afraid of It* (No. 14, *Poetry*; No. 34, *The Beethoven Sonata*)—a brilliant invention. Or was it an invention? Disorientated, I ruffle the pages of the *Radio Times*. . . .

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"He Ran All the Way," at the Gaumont, Haymarket

"Cyrano de Bergerac," at the Carlton

"La Belle Que Voilà," at Studio One

A brainless young thug kills a policeman, and in the ensuing panic makes use of a girl he has met casually to contrive his escape. She takes him to her apartment, where he finds Mom and Pop and Junior; too frightened by now to leave, he reveals his identity and proposes to stay there for an indefinite period, retaining one or other of the family at all hours as a hostage. The situation, though not new, is hopeful, and one wonders how *He Ran All the Way* will deal with it. Are we in for high-class excitement in the Hitchcock manner, with huge foreground razors or glasses of milk dwarfing the actors; or perhaps implications, as in *Petrified Forest*; or perhaps a psychological war of attrition, as in *The Small Voice*? Alas, we get none of these, at least none of them clearly enough to make an impact. At one point we seem to be watching the dawn of family feeling in a boy whose own mother is a drunken slut. Then it is the girl's turn, and we try to puzzle out whether she really is in love with her captor, as she nervously declares from time to time. Mom wounds herself on a sewing-machine (the best thing in the film is the killer's terrified reaction to this domestic blood-letting), Pop gets knocked about attempting to defend the right, Junior shows his mettle, and as the interest wanders from one to the other, tension sighs and dwindles. The piece has slipped through its makers' fingers. This is largely the fault of the script, for John Berry's direction is competent enough; but it is also due to the serious miscasting of John Garfield as the central character. Mr. Garfield, who before the war was a young actor of great potentialities, has since matured into the screen's finest player of bright, sharp tough men; he is the legitimate successor to Cagney, without in any way imitating him. But no power on earth is going to make him appear thick-witted and moronic. Quickness of wit and decision radiates from him, and not all his technique and sincerity can prevent the part from tearing clean down the middle, and taking the film with it.

There is not much to say about *Cyrano de Bergerac*, Stanley Kramer's first venture out of the fields of documentary melodrama. The text has been reverently treated, which is the more distressing as there is so much of it, and neither the actors nor the director (Michael Gordon) seem to have any ideas about turning it into a film script beyond saying the lines as though they belonged to somebody else. The sets, lighting and supporting cast are uniformly lamentable. As for Jose Ferrer, whom we know from *Crisis* and other films to be an accomplished actor, he plays Cyrano rather as Sir Cedric Hardwicke played Toby Belch; grave, sober and preoccupied, he stalks through the action like a bear in a huff, occasionally leaping gingerly on to a chair, but for the most part thinking his thoughts and letting the others go their own way. Sometimes this works, and he conveys pain or longing with conviction and accuracy; and in the face of his Roxane and Christian this is no small achievement. But for the most part the effect is quietly bewildering. A play whose only justification now is high spirits and splash has become a grey mousey bore. There is, however, some grim amusement for those who like to notice film scores in hearing Dimitri Tiomkin spread himself on the harpsichord; the result may not be art, but it is certainly remarkable.

After the longueurs of *Cyrano*, it is quite a pleasure to see Michèle Morgan dancing lightly

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COLLINS

about the stage with a bullet-wound in her heart, trying to raise enough cash to excarcerate the gentleman who put it there, Henri Vidal. M. Vidal, a sculptor by trade, first leaves Mlle Morgan because he loves her so, then shoots her for the same reason, and finally finishes her off because she has been having relations with all the other gentlemen in the film during his absence. No comparisons could make *La Belle Que Voilà* anything other than a crackingly silly fium; but it is reasonably professional, and, as the trade papers say, should do well in specialised family halls.

FRANK HAUSER

"A Phœnix too Frequent," and "Thor, with Angels," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

This double-bill revival forms an admirable introduction to Mr. Fry's drama, revealing all his strength —wit, poetry and imagination—and almost none of his weaknesses—diffusity, lack of plot and the evoking of spurious feeling. Only the last-named is apparent here, notably in *A Phœnix too Frequent*, where it is least expected. Delight in this Petronian trifle has prevented a great many of Fry's admirers from considering how much better it might have been if its author had kept more to the spirit of his text. Instead of all the wearisome apostrophising of the joys of life, we would, in the hands of Shaw or Anouilh, have received a hard diamond. Mr. Fry's diamond is flawed with undisciplined emotion. Enthusiasts tell us that there is a philosophic content implicit in this play; if so, its burden has escaped me. Mr. Fry's "message," here as elsewhere, resolves itself into the American poetess's "I accept the Universe!" ("By God!" muttered Carlyle, "she'd better!"). Jessie Evans scores a triumph as Doto the maid (her dialect was Welsh and not, as one critic declared, North Country), and Diana Churchill admirably conveyed the Ephesian widow's affectations. *Thor, with Angels*, now standing a little outside the major canon, is one of the most interesting of Fry's plays since it has genuine content and its subject—the first intimations of Christianity, in a Jutish warrior—allows the author to use his historic imagination to fine effect. The present production, hinged on Jack Hawkins's fine performance, though it cannot conceal the occasional heaviness of the play, is excellent.

J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

NEW NEGOTIATIONS

SIR,—In your comment on the *New Times* article of September 22, you state:

> . . . we attach no more importance to a verbal declaration by the Five Powers that they "renounce war" that Russia used to attach to the pre-war Kellogg Pact. The new negotiations that we wish to see must be practical, not formal, and must seek to remove specific points of tension and conflict.

I would like to point out that the proposal for a Five Power Pact issued by the World Peace Council in February, has from the very start aimed precisely at achieving just such practical results. The need for a meeting of the Five Powers arises from the fact that world problems are now so linked that agreements limited to any one part of the world are likely to be at the best stop-gap armistices freeing forces for building up tension elsewhere. The Four Power Conference broke down precisely because each item on the agenda brought in wider aspects until the United States broke it off by refusing to discuss their global policy of bases. The need for operating outside the cadre of the United Nations simply arises from the obstinate refusal of the United States Government to recognise the Chinese People's Republic.

Negotiations between the Powers, once the immediate issue of peace in Korea was settled, would be bound to include the question of a settlement with Germany—the absence of which is the underlying reason for the failure to conclude an Austrian treaty. It is to be noted that the Soviet Union has now—through General Chuikov — publicly supported Premier Grotewohl's proposals for German unity, an act of good faith for which you asked in your leading article.

They must also include a real peace treaty with Japan, to which China and India can lend their signatures. When that is done the way will be open for a disarmament convention on a basis and with guarantees that can be agreed by all the Powers. The precise form was deliberately left vague in the appeal of the World Peace Council, so as to carry no implication of determining the issue in advance. With it would come arrangements for the resumption of world trade and the building up of the economies of under-developed countries, which is now becoming virtually impossible on account of the arms drive.

It is not expected that agreement on these questions, which involve a radical change of policy, nothing less than the ending of the Cold War, could be easily or quickly obtained. Negotiations would certainly be long and difficult, but they are infinitely preferable to war. People are only now beginning to feel the impact of war preparations in their daily lives. As they come to feel it more and more, the demand for some alternative will be irresistible and negotiations undertaken as a result of popular pressure are, for that very reason, more likely to be successful. The only question is time; the more that is done now to favour the spirit of negotiation, the more likely it is that the explosion we all dread will never occur.

J. D. BERNAL

GREEK ELECTIONS

SIR,—One must hope that the inclusion of Greece in N.A.T.O. will have a more stabilising effect upon its economy than any step taken by the Western Powers since the liberation. For it is unhappily the fact that, despite the aid from the West, the present condition of the people is as deplorable as ever. One searches painfully for signs of improvement.

The recent Greek elections have failed to produce the majority which is necessary to any elected Government before it can carry out its programme. The Greek Rally party of Papagos is bound to resist a coalition and its actions will be watched keenly. Meanwhile, one observes—what few newspapers have commented on—that Papandreou has failed to secure re-election. This is one hopeful feature of the election results. His deposition will give new encouragement to the progressive forces in Greece because he, probably above all other politicians, was instrumental in turning the British from the right path of reform. Mr. Churchill was so misled as to consider him the successor of the great Venizelos. It was Papandreou who, after inviting E.A.M. to take part in the Greek Government of 1944, cunningly increased the number of Ministries in order to reduce the relative strength of E.A.M. in the Ministerial Council. In an article in *Kathimerina Nea* he boasted of his wiles. He gave to E.A.M. both posts in the Finance Ministry "because the measures for financial reconstruction would prove most difficult and would necessarily evoke strong protests from the people and would weaken E.A.M.'s political position in the country." The damage he did has not been repaired. The destruction of E.A.M. was a criminal act, for it led to the chaos which has tormented Greece ever since.

The tragedy of Greece is that the people have lost faith and they vote now to make sure that the flow of American dollars will not be checked. Therefore, the recent election results do not reflect the real feeling of the people. They were saluted by the Allies during the war for their valour in resisting the invader before and during the occupation. They were led to believe that they fought for social justice and political freedom, of which there is still little sign to-day, when persecution continues as in the past. Whatever Government is formed will have a test of its democratic principles in having to decide if General Sarafis, who has been interned without trial for more than five years, shall be allowed to take his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, to which he has been elected.

One can have little hope that he will be released for his Parliamentary duties. If he were, it would be the first real sign of democratic freedom that has appeared on the Greek horizon since the war.

E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU

New Street, Bishopsgate.

HOMOSEXUAL OFFENCES

SIR,—I cannot agree with your correspondent, Mr. Michael Laurie, in his statement that homosexuality is inborn and incurable. The authorities he quotes, such as Hirschfeld and Stekel, are outdated and unfamiliar with recent work. The theory that homosexuality is inborn was thoroughly investigated by Goldschmidt and later by Lang, who was given unique opportunities by the Munich and Hamburg police, and found to be unfounded. Those who have sought to prove that it is due to endocrine causes have been similarly unsuccessful. The view that homosexuality cannot be cured by psychological means has been disproved by the cases of cure recorded by London, Naftaly, Lilienstein, Larforgue, Stekel, Gordon, Serog, Frey, Virchon, Bircher, Sumbaer and others.

Homosexuality is a stage of emotional development through which we all should pass but because of environmental factors, mainly unhappy home life, over-attachment to the parent of opposite sex, or unsuitable parent of the same sex, early sexual assaults and so on, a certain number of young people remain immature and do not progress further. A boy becomes mentally masculine by moulding himself on his father, and if his father is an unsuitable person he moulds his personality on his mother and is thus emotionally feminine.

Many young men who are emotionally immature, and so behave homosexually, need only superficial psychotherapy, sympathy and encouragement to attain a full emotional stature. Many have never developed because they are afraid of women and need help to overcome their shyness. All these are curable. Others need deeper and longer treatment. There are, however, a certain number of men who, having attained pleasure from homosexual contacts, wish to continue to be homosexual, and if this is so they are incurable, but this is only because, like any other neurosis, cure depends on a wish to be cured.

The reason why we should try to cure homosexuality is the same that we should try to cure any other illness—because no one is a whole man who is ill, that there is more happiness to be found in health than in disease and, in some cases, homosexuals make others ill also.

CLIFFORD ALLEN

[Among many other letters we wish to print on this matter, we have received one from "J. D." If this correspondent will supply us with his full name and address, we will, as always, guarantee anonymity. —ED., *N. S. & N.*]

COMMON CHILD

SIR,—Your correspondent Minerson points out that within the Comprehensive school the more academic stream will have to be selected on the basis of previous record and examination. There will, however, be movement from one stream to another from time to time, together with constant mingling in sets drawn from different streams, and in non-academic activities. Under the present system a child's place is fixed for the whole of his school life by a cursory examination at the age of 11.

It must be admitted, however, that Minerson's fear that Comprehensive schools would lower educational standards is widely held. The reason why opposition to them is never voiced in Labour Party Conferences is that they appear to offer the only alternative to selection at 11. Those of us who can accept neither this principle nor the proposals for fully Comprehensive schools, which must be of enormous size if they are to give the variety of sixth form studies normal in Grammar schools, are faced with a difficulty whose solution, I suggest, lies in compromise. The Comprehensive school can succeed if it limits itself to providing a basic course for the ages 11 to 15, without tackling the more advanced work of the Grammar school fifth and sixth forms. Such a course, adapted to three or four streams, is not only possible but educationally desirable. Selection for High schools and Technical schools at the end of this four-year course (by a much fuller inquiry than the present Secondary Schools Entrance Examination), would enable the role of the Grammar schools to be continued in schools whose entrants would be aged 14 or 15 instead of 11. Surely we can all agree that 11 is much too early to decide a child's career.

S. W. GREEN

ANGLO-IRANIAN'S CASE

SIR,—Discussing the Persian Oil dispute in your issue of September 22, 1951, you refer to "the necessity of changing an arrangement which has undoubtedly meant unjustifiable exploitation in Persia."

As to the need for a new arrangement, it should be remembered that as long ago as June 1948 the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, on its own initiative, offered to begin the discussions with the Persian Government which resulted in the signature of the Supplemental Concession Agreement of July 1949. The preamble to this Agreement announced that the Persian Government and the Company "have, after full and friendly discussion, agreed that, in view of the changes in economic conditions brought about by the world war of 1939-45, the financial benefits accruing to the Government under the Principal (i.e., 1933) Agreement should be increased . . . "

The extent of such increase—back-dated to the beginning of 1948—may be summarised in one instance: for 1950 royalty payments by the Company to the Persian Government under the 1933 Agreement were about £16 million; under the Supplemental Agreement they would have been approximately £30 million.

It was certainly not the fault of the Company that this Agreement—at the time of signature the best terms offered to any oil-producing country in the Middle East—finally failed to achieve ratification by the Majlis in December 1950. Since then successive offers, culminating in the proposals made last August by the Stokes Mission, have demonstrated time and again the Company's willingness to reach agreement with the Persian Government.

The Company, then, has not lagged behind the "responsible opinion in this country" which you quote as not denying the need for new terms. But it should likewise be noted that your charge of "unjustifiable exploitation in Persia" is not one which can, with any vestige of fairness, be levelled at the Company. Quite apart from royalty payments—and these, even on the basis of the 1933 Agreement, have formed a very substantial part of the Persian Government's revenue—the Company has "ploughed back" huge sums into Persia. The following figures for 1949 and 1950 give some significant details:—

	£ million 1949	1950
(a) Royalty payments (1933 Agreement)	13.5	16 est.
(b) Customs, excise and other taxation directly attributable to the Company's operations ..	9.1	10.3
(c) Stores and materials, salaries and wages	56.6	58
Total	79.2	84.3

Item (c) includes expenditure of £1,800,000 (1949) and £2,100,000 (1950) on medical services and public health and of £1,400,000 (1949) and £1,800,000 (1950) on education and training.

If the Supplemental Agreement had been ratified, additional payments would have brought the above totals to £88,600,000 for 1949 and to approximately £98,000,000 for 1950.

The Persian Government is also estimated to have made a profit in recent years of £7,000,000 a year on the sterling which the Company has sold to it in order to obtain local currency. The Government has bought this sterling at a fixed low rate and sold it at a higher rate to merchants and others needing it.

You will doubtless agree, Sir, that such facts and figures have nothing in common with your charge of "unjustifiable exploitation."

A. CHISHOLM

Anglo-Iranian Oil Company Limited,
London, E.C.2.

BERLIN POLICE

SIR,—Your correspondent, Berlin Resident, suggests that the West Berlin police merely defended themselves against attacks by young members of F.D.J. from East Berlin, who had crossed into the Western sectors.

I am extremely scepical of his version of the story, namely that the skirmishes were started by members of F.D.J., especially after it has been suggested that the brutal behaviour of the Americans towards the British and French delegations in Austria was provoked by the action of the young people concerned, a fact which I know from personal experience to be quite untrue. But whichever story we accept as to who started the particular incident your correspondent describes, the ensuing savagery of the West Berlin police was wholly unwarranted. Using batons they made short work of any "sticks and stones" and by the time they had finished they had injured three hundred young people, one hundred being so seriously injured that they had to go to hospital. I myself spoke to three youths who had been in this affray. One of them was very badly cut about the face and he described to me the way the police batoned down the girls just as brutally as the men. It is an undeniable fact that a large number of those who were badly injured were girls. Does your correspondent believe that such treatment of young girls was necessary and does he imagine that the West Berliners who witnessed this incident were anything but disgusted with the action of their police?

As for his suggestion that there were patrols of people's police and squads of F.D.J. members to drag would-be visitors to West Berlin from the trams and underground trains, how does he square this account with his statement that 900,000 Festival delegates visited West Berlin? I myself spent some time visiting the Western sectors as one of my friends was staying there and neither of us saw any trace of such patrols in the underground stations, nor did anybody else I know who visited West Berlin.

Foye,
43 Manchester Road, A. R. ALLISON
Altrincham, Cheshire.

STRAVINSKY

SIR,—Mr. Alec Robertson takes me to task for complaining of Stravinsky's misaccentuation of the text in *The Rake's Progress*. Don't I know, he asks, how much rhythmic freedom is to be found in Dowland, in Tudor polyphony and in plainsong?

Yes, indeed, I do; and I am also aware that modern composers, like Michael Tippett, have struggled to free music from "the tyranny of the bar line." But is *The Rake's Progress* really a case in point? In the instance quoted from the opening duet, as in much of the rest of the opera, Stravinsky is very far from emulating the rhythmic elasticity of a Dowland or a Tippett; on the contrary, he is using clear and definite rhythmic and melodic patterns deriving from the 18th or the early 19th century. No harm in that. But if a modern composer employs accompaniment figuration in the manner of Mozart or Rossini, he can hardly wonder that the listener should "feel" a rhythmical pulse, or beat, to fall where it would normally fall in the music of that period.

In any case, Stravinsky's indifference to the natural "lie" of words is shown clearly enough by the eccentric note-lengths which he assigns to them. The next page of the same duet contains the line: "With fragrant odours and with notes of cheer." Stravinsky polishes off "odours" with two semiquavers, allowing the insignificant word "and" to occupy the entire remainder of the bar as a dotted crotchet. No singer, however well grounded in plainsong and polyphony, can make such declamation sound natural and intelligible in the theatre: he might as well be singing La-la-la.

London, N.W.1. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

MRS. BEETON

SIR,—Our attention has been drawn to an article which appeared in "London Diary" in your issue of September 8, complaining of the fact that so many Cookery books do not lie flat when opened, and remain open at the page required. Your contributor states: "Some of them, the moment they were left unattended, arranged their leaves like a fan; others closed with a snap, *and the mighty Household Management of Mrs. Beeton did it with a thud.*"

May we point out that this is an inaccurate and damaging statement. In spite of the fact that the book referred to contains no fewer than 1,680 pages, it may be opened out at any individual page and will lie quite flat, as will any of the subsidiary volumes of the new 1951 editions of Mrs. Beeton. If your writer cares to call at our Show Room at 6 Chancery Lane, we shall be pleased to demonstrate this point.

We fancy that your contributor must have been handling an earlier edition of Mrs. Beeton's Household Management, as it must be admitted that, in the past, all the books did not always lie flat as opened. We have also examined other leading Cookery Books, including "Good Housekeeping's Cookery Book," Odhams' "Modern Cookery Illustrated" and "Collins' Cooking with Elizabeth Craig." All these lie perfectly flat when opened at any page. We feel that an apology is due to British Bookbinders and Publishers. E. A. SHIPTON

Ward Lock & Co., Ltd.,
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SWANNS AND BRASSES

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COSMO GORDON

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JAMES STEPHENS

SIR,—We should be grateful if any of your readers who possess letters from the late James Stephens would send them to this office for possible use in a memoir. They would be copied and returned undamaged in a short time. It would be helpful if the envelopes were marked J.S.

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Autumn Books Supplement

SHADOW OVER BOOKS

WE book publishers are optimistic people. But the inflationary shadow over our trade has darkened rapidly; and no amount of optimism anywhere should be allowed to obscure the strain to which the economic structure of the trade is being subjected. It would be as wrong to pretend that the crisis can cure itself, without serious damage to the public functions which the trade performs, as to rush into exaggerated prognostications of general collapse. There are certain features in the economic structure of book publishing which weaken its capacity to cope with progressive inflation.

In the first place there is the publisher's peculiar industrial position as an *entrepreneur* who carries the entire financial burden and risk. Though he manufactures nothing himself, it is he who pays the cost of the paper, composition, machining and binding. Under the modern system of advance royalties, he finds a large part of the author's remuneration, sometimes on the date of publication, often very much earlier. His own overhead costs are high in relation to his turnover. They cannot be otherwise. He has to maintain skilled editorial, production, sales and secretarial staffs; he must warehouse, pack and despatch his books, or pay somebody else to do these things; and the nature of his business compels him to use an intricate invoicing and accounting system, which cannot be simplified beyond a certain point. In a small firm some of these functions are, of course, telescoped; but it is always the case that overheads are high in relation to turnover. Advertising—a formidable item—is best thought of as a separate kind of expenditure, most of it entering separately into the costings of particular books.

In the next place, book-publishing is an industry producing a very large number of different little articles, all manufactured and sold separately, in quantities never very large and usually very small. They are all "books," it is true. But that common name at once conceals and proclaims their separate character. In most public discussions—in Parliamentary debates, for example—there is an extraordinary tendency to speak of books as if they were mostly novels. In fact, fiction is a fractional part of the whole output of books—I doubt if it is as much as ten per cent., whether reckoned in paper tonnage or monetary value. By far the greater part of the output consists of educational books, textbooks, and more or less "serious" books on every conceivable topic. The collective name for all the copies of a particular book is "title." About 116,000 separate titles were carried in stock by British publishers at the end of 1950. Each title is a separate undertaking; and there is no way of reducing the cost of manufacture by any overall standardisation or mass production.

Until recently, it was possible for publishers substantially to offset this disadvantage by the reduction of the manufacturing cost per copy, on long runs, or on reprinting. That is mainly because the original cost of composition is the same, however many copies are printed or reprinted. In the last ten years or so composition and printing costs have gone up about 1½ times. But the cost of paper is now about 5½ times, and of binding about 3 times, what it used to be. The saving on a long run is therefore nothing like what it was—and, anyway, it is no use to print more copies than you expect to sell. As for reprints, it now often happens that it costs more to reprint a title than it did to produce the original edition.

You have then this general picture. The publisher remains the universal uncle to whom printers, paper-makers and merchants, binders, authors, and advertisement managers look for their means of livelihood. Manufacturing costs have risen sensationally. So have advertising costs. So have his own overhead expenses both absolutely and in relation to earnings. He has been, to a very alarming extent, deprived of his former power to recoup himself out of long runs and reprints. Except for royalties earned beyond the amounts paid in advance, and for some of his overhead costs, all this expenditure has to be met before a penny of it comes back to him.

The answer to rising costs must, of course, be rising prices. It is an answer which publishers ought to have made, perhaps, in a more decisive way at a much earlier date. But nobody is more frightened of raising prices than a book-publisher—except, perhaps, a bookseller. Although costs have been rising steadily for some years, book prices for a long time moved very little; and even now it cannot be said that they have reached a level proportionate to the rise in costs. This is most easily observed in the case of novels. The old pre-war price of 7s. 6d. ought now to be at least 15s. Some long novels are now being published at the latter price; and 12s. 6d. is becoming common. But some of our leading novelists, or their publishers, secure of a very large sale, are pricing their novels at no more than 10s. 6d. and quite a number of novels are still being published at 9s. 6d. or even at 8s. 6d. This is a startling illustration of the failure of prices to keep pace with costs—whether through fear of losing the market or through hope of surviving to monopolise it.

The general effect of all this must, inevitably, be a progressive contraction in the collective capacity of book-publishers to sustain their part as *entrepreneurs*, providing all the money and taking all the risk. The argument is simple. If prices went up, at once, proportionately to costs, there would still be a time-lag between the increased outlay and its recovery—in itself, probably, not enough to be a rapid cause of general or real embarrassment. But prices, for a long time past, have not been going up at once; nor have they gone up enough to compensate for costs, both external and internal. It is no wonder that the trade is beginning to find itself short of ready money. Its resources would, nevertheless, probably enable it to survive this difficulty without serious trouble; if it were not for the weight and incidence of direct taxation.

I am not thinking so much of the shrinkage of personal incomes, in consequence of income tax and surtax and the cost of living—serious as that necessarily is for the book-trade. Hitherto the turnover of the home, as well as that of the export, trade has remained extraordinarily buoyant; though few of us would be surprised by a sudden downward turn of the still rising curve. I am thinking primarily of the assessment and taxation of profits. Most publishing firms, I suppose, have been continuing to show more or less substantial profits. I wonder how much of these ascertained, taxable, profits has remained to be "put to reserve," according to the sound, old-fashioned mercantile principle of "ploughing back" or "caging" profits? I wonder, too, how much of the profits actually put to reserves during the past few years was represented by "cash"? It is only too easy, nowadays, after a year of careful trading, to find that one has made an inescapable "profit," carrying a big liability for tax, and yet that one's bank balance, before tax or dividend is paid, has fallen.

That is one of the dubious blessings conferred upon business by the mystiques of the Higher Accountancy and the Inland Revenue. If the Higher Accountancy and the Inland Revenue are right, the money is "there." But where exactly is it? Their answer, I suppose, is that any trader in this position—and who is not?—has been anticipating his profits and investing them, before he has made them. But—at any rate in book-publishing (and, as I have personally discovered, in farming)—there is no other possible way of carrying on, unless by a suicidal contraction of effort and expenditure. One can't sit still and wait till (say) six months after the year is ended and the accounts are audited, and then decide what one should have laid out a year or two before. Yet that is the theoretical view.

It seems to me profoundly, even insanely, wrong. I venture to say that undistributed profits ought plainly not to be taxed at all. Let the tax on distributed profits be as high as you think practicable or sensible, having regard to the given scale of personal income tax and surtax. But let the trader be at liberty to put all his undistributed profit, undiminished by any tax (including income tax), back into his business. If any of it is thereafter released to the shareholders or partners, it will come into the tax collector's net. It was in that way that the publishing industry, in particular, acquired the financial power to shoulder its obligations. If inflation continues, and the present mad system of bleeding the industry white year by year also continues, the condition of British publishing in another generation will be matter for tears—and so will be the state of English letters, and the falling standard of all those arts and sciences and techniques upon which our national future depends. For, in a civilised and progressive society, books are essential tools.

GEOFFREY FABER

THE UNATTAINABLE IDEAL

Poetry and Drama. By T. S. ELIOT. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The text of Mr. Eliot's "Theodore Spencer Memorial Lecture," which he delivered at Harvard last year, may give some of his admirers a jolt and seem to offer his detractors in the theatre a cudgel to beat him with. One of the first things, however, to strike both parties will be the tone of the book: the calm voice of a man who does not make thoughts his aim, still less dreams his master, who does not "talk too good, nor look too wise." It is a most admirable tone.

The ideal towards which poetic drama should strive, says Mr. Eliot, is an unattainable ideal: and that is why it interests him, for it provides "an incentive towards further experiment and exploration, beyond any goal which there is a prospect of attaining." (Those who still resent Mr. Eliot's now nearly a quarter of a century old statement that *Hamlet* is "an artistic failure" may be mollified by this?)

> It seems to me that beyond the nameable, classifiable emotions and motives in our conscious life when directed towards action—the part of life which prose drama is wholly adequate to express—there is a fringe of indefinite extent, of feeling which we can only detect, so to speak, out of the corner of the eye and can never completely focus; of feeling of which we are only aware in a kind of temporary detachment from action.

He instances the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet* as one of Shakespeare's achievements, "at least in certain scenes," in being able to present at once "the two aspects of dramatic and musical order." The greatest prose dramatists, such as Chekhov and Ibsen, who have at times done things beyond the limits of which Mr. Eliot would have otherwise supposed prose to be capable, seem to him, in spite of these successes, to have been "hampered in expression by writing in prose."

It is here that I, for one, would like to interpose a question. For are we aware, when seeing a good performance of Chekhov or Ibsen—yet how good that good has to be!—of these authors bumping against a low poetic ceiling? And, which is more to the point, if that ceiling were higher, or the roof taken off, might not the drama fail to rise with the poetry? And another question related to the former: what is the relationship between verse and character on the one hand, and character and drama on the other?

When Mr. Eliot quotes Macbeth's lines beginning

> To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow

which, he says, "reveal the weariness of the weak man who had been forced by his wife to realise his own half-hearted desires and her ambitions and who, with her death, is left without the motive to continue," I can only say that, both in and out of their context, they reveal to me little of the kind. In and out of the context the speech is blasphemy and might as well have been uttered by the man who cried

> As flies to wanton boys are we to the Gods.

Prose or verse on the stage, says Mr. Eliot, are both but means to an end. The difference is not so great as we might think. Too many people approach a play which they know to be in verse, with the consciousness of the difference. "It is unfortunate when they are repelled by verse, but can also be deplorable when they are attracted by it—if that means they are prepared to enjoy the play and the language of the play as two separate things." The difference, and the transition from the one medium to another, were more easily acceptable to an Elizabethan audience.

This reminds me of some recent words of Sir Desmond MacCarthy on the difference, of which he says he has been aware all his life, "between those who love the theatre and those who much prefer 'literary experience'." If we accept the old hypothesis that drama is not drama until it is performed before an audience, surely this is the root of the trouble so far as modern poetic drama is concerned? And is it not also a measure of Mr. Eliot's success as a dramatist that he has to a surprising extent, considering the small number of his plays, made a bridge over this difference?

He refers to his "intentions, failures and partial successes" in his own plays; he speaks of the "versification (*sic*) of the dialogue" in *Murder in the Cathedral* as having only "a *negative* merit"; of the "open question" whether there is any poetry in *The Cocktail Party* at all; of the origin of the plot of *The Cocktail Party*. In this last matter, at least, he claims to have been successful, for he aimed to conceal the origins so well that none could identify them unless the author pointed them out himself. (Had you guessed at the *Alcestis* of Euripides, or that the psychiatrist's "intemperate habits, and tendency to burst into song," were related to the behaviour of Heracles in that play?) The reason for this painstaking burial of Euripides, it seems, was that the modern dramatist felt that in his previous play, *The Family Reunion*, "the deepest flaw of all" was in failure to adjust the Greek story to the modern situation. Then, with what seems to me a tautology of which I would not have believed Mr. Eliot to be capable, he adds:

> A more serious evidence is that we are left in a divided frame of mind, not knowing whether to consider the play the tragedy of the mother or the salvation of the son . . . my hero now strikes me as an insufferable prig.

These last matters are indeed "more serious" than the "deepest flaw," and consideration of them will now send me back into *The Sacred Wood*, to see whether Mr. Eliot on the artistic failure of the Prince of Denmark may not throw some light on the dramatic failure of Lord Monchensey.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE

SHELLEY'S FRIEND

Jefferson Hogg. By WINIFRED SCOTT. *Cape.* 18*s.*

Thomas Jefferson Hogg is one of the most controversial figures of the enchanted Shelley entourage. After the publication of his *Life of Shelley* he began to be reviled by the increasing number of rapt worshippers at the shrine, because his ironic, Regency cast of mind seemed to them iconoclastic, irreverent. And when, only a few years ago, the cool enormity of his alterations in the Shelley letters which he published became apparent, his reputation, which was on the way to recovery, suffered another severe set-back. And yet the *Life*, in spite of the rather tediously discursive, complacent tones of the ageing lawyer, is a wonderful book: when Shelley appears, one feels at once that the picture is exactly as he must have been. It is impossible to forget the description of the early meetings at Oxford, the miraculous appearances and disappearances and the passionate discussions on literature and metaphysics, at the end of which Hogg could write:

> I lighted him downstairs as well as I could with the stump of a candle which had dissolved itself into a lump, and I soon heard him running through the quiet quadrangle in the still night. That sound became afterwards so familiar to my ear, that I still seem to hear Shelley's hasty steps.

It is equally impossible to forget the glow of warmth that suffuses the pages, in spite of the banter and irony, whenever the poet's friendship with Hogg is approached.

There is a real and baffling riddle in the relationship of the two young friends. All the evidence goes to show that they were deeply attached to one another, that from the moment they met they recognized that temperamentally they were ideally suited to complement one another, and that Shelley's male attachments, and supremely his attachment to Hogg, outlasted all the stormy weather of his emotional adventures with women. The language in which Shelley addresses Hogg in some of the letters would, to-day, be construed as evidence of passionate love; Shelley's own writings on the subject of friendship make such a conjecture far from impossible; and yet the facts are that Shelley, incurably susceptible to female advances, was continually entering upon liaisons with women who almost invariably roused Hogg's later erotic interest. He made advances to Harriet in Shelley's absence, and caused a storm the full violence of which has only recently become apparent; he flirted with Mary, and may even have become her lover; and after Shelley's death he made a tireless siege of Jane Williams, the last Miranda to inspire Ariel's rapturous wooing, and lived with her as his wife in fact, (but not in law) in spite of the disapproval of family and professional friends. To make confusion worse confounded, one cannot be certain that in the first two instances Shelley himself did not—at the beginning—act as a *mari complaisant*.

Lady Scott's biography does not, it must be admitted, throw much fresh light on this central and fascinating problem, except to make even clearer the depth of the feeling that bound them and the persistence of Shelley's regret, during the years in Italy, at the fate that had separated him from the "pearl within an oyster shell." Her access to the papers of the Hogg family has made it possible for her to fill in many details of Jefferson's life after Shelley's death, in that curious twilight in which all the survivors of the drama, Mary, Jane, Claire, Peacock and their children seemed to be fated to pass the rest of their existence, haunted for ever by the poet's vanished presence. She has also added a touch of delicious comedy to the affair of the expulsion from Oxford, by printing some new items in the correspondence that passed between the two agitated fathers. In October of 1811 John Hogg's distress appears to have reached a climax, and he writes to Timothy Shelley:

> My son declares he will not give up your son's friendship on any account. How this business is to end God only knows. I really know not how to act. I find they are in debt in York . . . Oh, my dear Sir! I am almost heartbroken and so is my wife! We flattered ourselves that one day we should have seen him an ornament to his profession, and no expense from my moderate fortune should have been spared to have made him so—he was well and religiously brought up I can assure you; every person here and in the neighbourhood loved and esteemed him! I can add no more! I shall say with the Psalmist: "It is good for me that I have been in trouble, that I may learn thy statutes" . . .

Hogg's eventual, humdrum life-pattern as lawyer and country gentleman gave the lie to these anguished anxieties, and for that very reason any biography of him is bound to make rather dull reading once the story of the magic days with Shelley has been told again. However, it had to be written, and it has been written, conscientiously, sympathetically, and perhaps a little too indulgently; and anyone who is smitten with curiosity about all the extraordinary assortment of human beings who came into intimate contact with Shelley, will find as much as is likely to be known about his closest friend in Lady Scott's book. It makes no revolutionary discoveries, and it proves nothing—except, once again, that human beings are unknowable and their relations with one another of unfathomable complexity.

JOHN LEHMANN

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HUTCHINSON

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tuition made visible. Mr. Read is addicted to theories: but they are provocative and lively in the extreme, since they arise, sometimes with precipitate suddenness, out of an intuitive experience of art. If I must quarrel with some of them I am not disparaging the great knowledge and intelligence that have gone into their construction: I am simply opposing one set of intuitive æsthetic value with another.

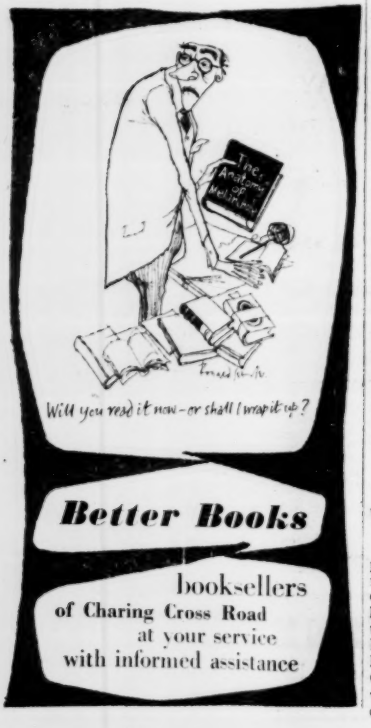
But firs there is a criticism of a different kind which ought to be made. Mr. Read begins his "report . . . on the situation . . . at the mid-point of the Twentieth Century" by saying that it is "not a record of my personal opinions" but "an attempt to write history without the advantage of historical perspective." Thus "the inclusion or exclusion of certain names . . . must not be taken as an act of æsthetic judgment. . . ." But if æsthetic judgment does not determine inclusion or exclusion what is the operative criterion? Historicity? But art history is not made up of the æsthetically insignificant. Doubtless, Mr. Read will reply that where, for instance, two artists are of equal æsthetic but unequal historic interest he has a right to exclude the one not possessing the additional usefulness from the point of view of his historical essay. But I do not think contemporary work is most profitably approached from this historical point of view. While we are certain of the æsthetic excitement afforded by a new work we can only speculate, as often as not, upon its role in the historical process. More than once it struck me that an artist has found a place in Mr. Read's text not so much because of his intrinsic interest and merit as because he illustrates, and, by his inclusion, enlarges a category in a trend in a movement! Mr. Read knows this, of course. He says he will try "to avoid dogmatic judgments on individual artists and seek rather to trace significant movements and groupings." Yet judgment is implicit in the groupings he finds significant and the artists who escape mention may, despite assurance to the contrary, still feel they have not escaped judgment, for he says towards the end:

> . . . and distinct from these [all those occurring in the argument up to that point] are many individual talents of grace and charm, justified in their activity, giving insight or interest to the routine of our lives, but not pretending to that more-than-personal significance which reflects some deeper movement of the human spirit.

Mr. Read has every right to make this judgment: it may even be a true judgment. But he cannot pretend it is not a judgment. I am aware of it because it belittles certain artists whom I consider among the best in this country—but whom he has not mentioned or mentioned only very briefly. For instance, Ivon Hitchens, in my view as important a painter as any we possess, is dealt with in a single sentence (plus a footnote), while Sutherland gets two pages, Moore four, Nicholson one, Colquhoun one. Why does Mr. Read find Sutherland and Colquhoun so much more significant than Hitchens, Scott or Lanyon (the last two are not mentioned at all)? The answer is that any art in which he senses the values of expressionism or abstraction appeals to Mr. Read as being altogether weightier, a more serious affair, than anything stemming from fauvism, in particular, and from non-Picassian French (or Latin) art in general. "Expressionist" is almost automatically a term of approval in this book. For me, on the contrary, expressionist means an idiom in which non-pictorial emotion is top-heavy; in which the formal vehicle of expression is neglected and is therefore too weak to *contain* the emotive subject. I would apply this criticism to Sutherland or Edvard Munch; but not to Henry Moore. Moore, like Turner, Constable and Bonington, is rare—in my view—precisely because expressionist or romantic inspiration is matched in his work by the force of the purely formal *means of expression*. With Hitchens the means are equally important; indeed they are almost more powerful than the subject—which is a characteristic of Latin painting, not Germanic. Yet in his brief reference to Hitchens Mr. Read labels him expressionist—because "it is the expressive or 'expressionistic' element in his painting" that counts! If I had, likewise, to trace significant groupings (but the British scene does not lend itself to the process: in truth there are hardly any groups, only individuals) I should make a category not encountered in this essay: it would include those who use colour primarily to create space and evoke form: Hitchens, Scott, Lanyon, Matthew Smith, Vaughan, Ryan and Ceri Richards.

But these are mere opinions. I return to my earlier point: I cannot imagine anyone but Herbert Read achieving anything as concise, knowledgeable, perceptive (the pages on Moore are brilliant) or generally authoritative as this twenty-six page essay. Its main defect—or limitation—is the lack of serious consideration of any artist younger than Sutherland—Colquhoun excepted. It is true that Minton, Vaughan, Craxton and Ayrton are just mentioned—but only as being "grouped round" Sutherland; yet, in fact, as early as 1947, Sutherland's influence had been superseded in each of them. Minton absorbed a stylistic cubist influence; Vaughan turned to Cézanne, then Matisse; Craxton to Picasso; and Ayrton to masters of the Italian Renaissance—developments, as yet, unrecorded.

PATRICK HERON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Simone Weil was a young Jewish teacher of philosophy who died in exile from her native France in 1943 at the age of 34. Since that time knowledge of her has spread by word of mouth, like the knowledge of some underground leader in wartime. This is her first book to be published in English, the first message to reach us, though we had known that she had been acclaimed by both Catholics and Protestants in France. We read with excitement as the signals are handed in: contact at last has been made: and with a growing doubt. Here is a moment of vision: this we understand; but this?—surely the message must have been mutilated, for it seems to contradict what went before; and this?—the phrases seem jumbled, they mean little to us.

The most important part of the book, apart from the essay "Forms of the Implicit Love of God," does literally consist of messages, letters written to a Father Perrin, a Dominican in Marseilles, the first three explaining why she is hesitating to be baptised, the last three giving her spiritual autobiography, an account of her intellectual vocation, and her last thoughts before leaving North Africa for England and being finally separated from her spiritual adviser (if one can so call one whose advice was never taken, and who was more often than not the victim of her preaching). It is a great pity that we cannot read Father Perrin's replies. From her references to them we can imagine their careful sympathetic approach to her problems, the vain attempt to guide the wide wash of her mystical thought into a channel where it could increase in depth.

Her abiding concern was her relationship to God and the Church. She had come to believe in the Christian God, in the Incarnation, and the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church (of its social functions, perhaps naturally, as one who had experienced for some weeks the hardships of the Catalonian front, she remained suspicious), but she had no will to take the next step. She expected God to intervene, to push her into the Church if he so desired. She would not act except under orders. "If it is God's will that I should enter the Church, He will impose this will upon me at the exact moment when I shall have come to deserve that He should so impose it." But how can one deserve without some action, if only of the mind? She pays lip-service occasionally to free-will, but we cannot help feeling that she unduly restricted its scope. There are traces of Gnosticism in her postponement of baptism until she could be certain of perfection. "I think that only those who are above a certain level of spirituality can participate in the sacraments as such. For as long as those who are below this level have not reached it, whatever they may do, they cannot be strictly said to belong to the Church."

It was a strange attitude for a woman who wished ardently to share the labours of the poor, working with broken health in the Renault works, and who in safe England confined herself to the rations of those she had left in France. The Church was for the perfect. She could not see it as a being like herself, anxious to share the sufferings not only of the poor but of the imperfect, even of the vicious. She speaks to us in terms of "abandonment," but her abandonment always stops short of surrender, like a histrionic marble figure caught in a gesture not far removed from pride.

Her claims on our submission to her thought, and on our credulity, too, are vast. She tells us how once when she was reciting George Herbert's poem *Love*, "Christ Himself came down and took possession of me," and again, referring to the *Our Father*, "sometimes also, during this recitation or at other moments, Christ is present with me in person, but His presence is infinitely more real, more moving, more clear than on that first occasion." We cannot help comparing this blunt claim with the long painful obscure journey towards the Beatific Vision described by St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa of Avila. But perhaps the greatest claim she makes is to a kind of universal inclusiveness:

> The degree of intellectual honesty which is obligatory for me, by reason of my particular vocation, demands that my thought should be indifferent to all ideas without exception, including for instance materialism and atheism; it must be equally welcoming and equally reserved with regard to every one of them.

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passages of great power and insight capable of drawing many enthusiasts to her side. The essay on Friendship is the most sustained of these passages, but again and again they flash through the contradictions and the muddled thought:

> The outward results of true affliction are nearly always bad. We lie when we try to disguise this. It is in affliction itself that the splendour of God's mercy shines; from its very depths, in the heart of its inconsolable bitterness. If, still persevering in our love, we fall to the point where the soul cannot keep back the cry "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?", if we remain at this point without ceasing to love, we end by touching something which is not affliction, which is not joy; something which is the central essence, necessary and pure; something not of the senses, common to joy and sorrow; something which is the very love of God.

What makes us in the end unwilling to accept her claims? What is it that more often than not distorts her genuine love of truth? Is it that confusion arises first from her pride, and secondly, because she was a woman of great nobility, from the tension and pain in her own mind caused by that possessive demon? She claims too much (St. Joan heard rightly when she was told to tell no one of her visions), and sometimes too stridently. She talks of suffering "atrocious pain" for others, "those who are indifferent or unknown to me . . . including those of the most remote ages of antiquity," and it is almost as if a comic character from Dickens were speaking. We want to say "Don't go so far so quickly. Suffer first for someone you know and love," but love in these pages is only a universal love. She strikes out blindly in her personal pain, contradicting herself, allowing herself to believe that an "infinite" mercy can be shown in its entirety in a "finite" world. She no sooner seizes a truth, than she lets it go in the pride of a too startling image. We leave her at the end on the edge of the abyss, digging her feet in, refusing like the common herd (whom she loved in her collective way) to leap, demanding that she alone be singled out by the divine hand on her shoulder forcing her to yield.

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Another Kind. By ANTHONY WEST. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Marianne. By RHYS DAVIES. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The "tough" tradition in American literature has at least one of its roots in Mark Twain's retreat from the ferocity of the goldfields into professional humour. Only as a humorist could he be tough, and it is part of this tradition that the writer should be as tough as a soldier. Hemingway, the great contemporary exemplar of the tough tradition, has always been preoccupied with soldiers. To be a soldier is to be tougher than a businessman, and thus to beat the American Way of Life at its own tough game. The cultivation of toughness, of insensibility, is however a dangerous play for the artist; the tough tradition has always possessed this neurotic element of retreat and rejection; and it has now degenerated into a weary burlesque routine diversified with outbreaks of maudlin brutality.

What is to succeed the tough tradition? Lionel Trilling, in his recent book *The Liberal Imagination*, has enlarged upon the disturbing dichotomy which exists between the only current of thought and feeling in America which is capable of nourishing a body of literature, and the work of the major individual writers of this century. Yeats, Joyce, Lawrence, Eliot, Auden, Hemingway—none in their maturity could be described as "progressive"; and indeed the whole New Deal wave of American history has produced only one novel with serious claims to distinction—Trilling's own book *The Middle of the Journey*. The thread which unites *The Nice American* to *The Middle of the Journey* is a thin one, but it seems to me that it may, if it goes on, lead to a new door.

The Nice American is about an American in North Africa, and in reviewing the book when it appeared originally in America, Christopher Isherwood wrote that it was "a brilliant, subtle, amusing and deeply moving novel of inter-racial relationships. Its insight sometimes approaches that of Forster's *A Passage to India* . . ." This is a striking tribute, but it does not illuminate that aspect of the book which seems to me the most striking—its preoccupation with the problems of being American. While English writers have used the Raj situation in order, as it were, to define in a particular context the Englishness of their English characters—as for instance the arrogance of Verrall in Orwell's *Burmese Days*—the attention which they have given to Indian or Burmese characters has been from that point of view disinterested, and it is this disinterestedness which seems to me to mark off *The Nice American* from any novel written by an English writer. Thus Harlan Childress, the nice American of the title, is involved with two women, one American and one French. The portrait of the Frenchwoman, Jeanne, is both true and attractive, but she exists mainly to be a Frenchwoman for an American. "What I want," Childress writes in his diary, "is love, lots of warm, tender, physical love so I can feel secure and give back love. Unpatriotic of me of course to fall in love with a French girl, but there you are." If a comparison had to be made here I should make it, not with Forster, but with Henry James; Sykes attempts to do for his nice American what James did for another kind of American, by another foreign shore, in *Daisy Miller*.

Forster and Henry James: such names cannot be mentioned merely to compare attitudes or points of view. Sykes justifies their use by his seriousness, his moral preoccupation, his understanding, and his disciplined tenderness. This is indeed what is significant, what is original, about *The Nice American*; its rejection of toughness in any form, its absolute repudiation of the whole of the tough tradition of American writing. And what goes with this, Childress's final acceptance of the struggle with Americanism, in the person of Mollie, who is the bitch-goddess incarnate, must also be accepted as a new note.

The new note, however, does not ring out with bell-like clarity. It is muffled by the author's style. This is not positively a *bad* style; it is rather a *non*-style, a manner of writing which, compared with the manner of writing of any of the major novelists whose names have been invoked, is as worn and impersonal as an old penny. Only very occasionally does Sykes give rise to a pointed and memorable phrase: "The Americans! If you ask me they're nothing but a mechanised peasantry." Or, "Mollie considered works of art highly commendable, but managed to keep her distance from them except on occasions of conspicuous relaxation." But, by contrast:

> "You see, I was the only child. My mother was determined that I must be a success. She drove a wedge in between me and my real self. And it goes on, even now. I can't stop it. I'm happy here. I think I'll live here after the war. But something makes me do just the opposite of what I planned. . . ."

This is indeed an all-too-recognisable style: it is the style, scratchy, *lumpen*, and feeble, in which American liberalism all too often voices the hopes we all want to hear and to share.

Anthony West, whose second novel has now appeared, is a writer with, broadly speaking, the same kind of interests as Gerald Sykes, but he has two distinct methods of dealing with them. In one he illuminates the commonplace with a glow of moral feeling; in the other he casts a rather erratic beam of commonplace and common-sense into the smoky distance of fantasy. He begins the new book by the first method and sustains it for some two-thirds of the way through. The love-affair between a youngish architect and a prostitute; the relationship between the architect and his wife; and the triangular relationship which they finally establish in setting up house together; all this is made both more convincing and more interesting than it sounds in summary.

But now we come to the second method of attack. From time to time in this first part of the book, hints are dropped about the political situation in England. The reader's assumption that this is the actual political state of England in pre-election 1951 is not however seriously disturbed until we suddenly find ourselves in the middle of a civil war. Who is fighting who is far from clear; the whole effect of sinister confusion is surprisingly like Auden's early "charade," *Paid on Both Sides*. But it is not the political or military obscurity which is in itself puzzling; it is the complete lack of moral implication of the main characters and—apparently—of the author himself. For all any of them care about the rights or wrongs of these great events, it might all be one of those exercises in which Redland attacks Blueland and the umpires tot up the dead and the points at the end of the week. The architect, Jackson, takes to a career of black-market gang warfare which is lifelike enough in itself, but very improbable for him. Indeed the curious thing about this part of the book is that while the detail of civil war and the atmosphere of collapse are caught with an accuracy that has too much feeling to be merely brilliant, the civil war itself and the collapse are mere stage properties. An uneven, perplexing, eccentric novel, *Another Kind* reveals only in glimpses what might be achieved by the author's talent if he could stabilise it.

Finally we come to Mr. Rhys Davies's novel, which shares with Mr. West's the peculiarity that it starts as one kind of a story and finishes as another. The opening pages, with their dialogue between the twin sisters, suggests a light comedy, but as we proceed to Marianne's illegitimate child and beyond, the plot thickens to a positively operatic consistency. It says a lot for Mr. Davies that—perhaps by a certain subtle emphasis on the Celtic ambience of these happenings—he manages to keep them fairly credible and interesting, although perhaps more interesting than credible.

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As each generation crossly sees its own youth in an ever brightening distant glow, it cannot refrain from buttonholing the youngster in the foyer. "Young fellas like you have never *known* any real singin' or dancin'" (or even, it is implied, seen a pretty woman since Gertie Sparkler vanished into darkest Debrett). Youth may be dubious. But where there is incontrovertible evidence, such as that of the early gramophone, he has to allow that they certainly seemed to sing a lot better in '08. And if sing, possibly also act, better? Certainly the present team of buffers is batting on a good wicket. We may shuffle and say we like our theatre *our* way; that it's different ("Don't deny that, me boy"); that our singers aren't trying just to *sing* or our dramatists to write plays you can *understand*. All the same, an uneasy suspicion lingers that those were indeed the days. They *did* write good plays; there *were* "stunners." Mr. Wilson's amusing record is ornamented with gorgeous ladies with haystack hair and busts—its only their mouths which look a little mean and prinny by standards of to-day when no girl is a beauty who hasn't a kisser like a Hottentot. I am not saying Mr. Wilson, critic of *The Star*, has an axe to grind; on the contrary he is apt to be platitudinously mild. The standard is Home Service or even Light Programme. "Here is Mr. Wilson the inveterate first-nighter to tell us all about . . ." actor-managers. And if he doesn't tell us *all* he tells us the facts, the names, dates and contemporary reaction, which fancy can work on. If it is less dazzling than some hilarious prejudiced stuff like Shaw's, it has the merit of dredging up much curious detail. For instance, the critic who wrote that Somerset Maugham's *Smith* was the best of his plays "although the fact that his central figure is a servant somewhat lowers the standard." Or J. T. Grein who thought that Carr's *Tristram and Iseult* (sample given) would "have a refining influence on the masses" (no one thought that about *The Cocktail Party*, did they?). Those were indeed the days for criticism, before critics had been cowed into buttering up dud work on the ground that it "showed promise" or had "something to say." A. B. Walkley on Hall Caine, for instance. "We have seen all his plays in our course of business; and they have only served to bring home more forcibly than ever the distinction between business and pleasure."

If the criticism is still good, it's fair to suppose that the acting was also, very often. The point about acting is that it is the most immediate of all arts; if good, it is good for its audience. Should we have admired Kean any more than "they" would have admired Bette Davis? The Edwardian theatre brought forth in plenty Edwardian actors, good for Edwardians. We needn't wrangle about it; and the record is worth having, what with these pictures, ladies in petersham belts and wispy hair; funny fellows, legendary scenes of glamour which look as tatty as opera in a French seaside Casino.

Mr. Gore, official biographer of George V, decorates his scrapbook with journalistic scenes of high and low life, most fairly predictable: the rumpled suffragettes, the "fair bather" in calico pantaloons, the hot, cross smarties crawling with *broderie Anglaise*. The book rambles agreeably; if few of the extracts are better or even as pointed as the large chunk of Miss Sackville-West's *The Edwardians*, the manner is quite as impressionistic as that of Mrs. Woolf, who did it all rather better in *The Years*. There is no index; and some vague feeling of muddle; the Edwardians, it seems, were very like, but very unlike ourselves, for "the royal ukase *Thus far and no farther* hung . . . over the (country house) bedroom passages like . . ." (turn over two photos and guess what) "like a sword of Damocles." And he sometimes rather runs on (as we all do).

> *Tonight*, the balls will be at the Ritz and at Middlesex House, where the same 300 choice young people will be fed on ortolans and pyramids of peaches and strawberries and filled with champagne, be served by powdered footmen, curled and dressed by ladies' maids . . .

(What *are* these modern menservants comin' to?).

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WORN NEW AGAIN AND AGAIN

The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes. Edited by IONA and PETER OPIE. *Oxford University Press.* 30s.

Did you when young recite *Tommy Tucker* or sing *Four and Twenty Blackbirds* to the delight of your parents and the boredom of afternoon visitors? Did you "do" *Wee Willie Winkie*, with actions and in night attire, hoping thereby to put off the awful moment of going to bed? And did you, growing up to be clever, become aware of the political significance of *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary* and *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, and the exact identity of Little Boy Blue, Curley Locks and Georgie Porgie? If you did these things, as most of us did, then here is a book that will revive a great pleasure of childhood and shatter some of the illusions of maturity, for here are brought together the largest collection of nursery rhymes ever published in the English language, together with their history; often very different from the one we had supposed.

The diamond-clear memory of childhood may sometimes quarrel with the Opie wording of the rhymes, for in a matter so extremely personal the right words will be those one learnt oneself. I wonder if preference has been given to southern rather than to northern English versions? Some of the versions I remember are rather coarser than those given here. *We* sang "Nineteen Twenty, My Belly's Empty," not "*my plate's empty*." We sang *London Bridge is Falling Down*, dramatically preferable to *broken down*, I think. We offered, too, to build it up with naughty boys, naughty girls, cabbage stalks and pins and needles. I must confess I was aware of only one complete omission, the melancholy little song that begins:

> Go and tell Aunt Nancy,
> Go and tell Aunt Nancy
> Go and tell Aunt Nancy
> The old grey goose is dead . . .
> The one that she was saving . . .
> The one that she was saving
> For to make a feather bed.

It was collected by Cecil Sharp in *Songs from the Appalachian Mountains*.

But when these small complaints are made, there remains a work of great delight, careful in scholarship, and enlightening as a commentary on the history of children's book-publishing. And if the Opies, with charming and dry exactness, tap our pet theories on the head, they give us even more fantastic ideas to play with than those we must discard. We learn that an Italian cookery book of 1549 had a recipe for baking a pie with blackbirds inside, "so that the birds might be alive in it and flie out when it is cut up." Whether they would emerge singing is a matter for grave speculation. We are given the European parallels of many of the rhymes. *Humpty Dumpty* seems to have at least half a dozen; we are reminded that the pig Tom stole was made of sugar and stuffed with currants, a fact all illustrators have cheerfully ignored. There are delicious asides—where to buy Banbury cakes, or the observation that reformers are busy with *Ding Dong Bell* because children, after hearing it, are inclined to throw cats into ponds, knowing full well there will always be some good soul to rescue them—a forward shadow, maybe, of a common adult attitude. How interesting it would be to have a psychologist's companion piece to the Introduction, on the Freudian significance of many of the verses.

Reading afresh through the rhymes, one is amazed to find how many of them are true poetry. Hauntingly lovely are *Over the Hills and Far Away*, *I Had a Little Nut Tree*, *How Many Miles to Babylon* and *Ride a Cock Horse*. And what wonderful play of sound in, *Humbledum, humbledum, Tweedle, tweedle twino*, and *Hickory Dickory Dock* and *Eena, Meena, Mina, Mo*; and how the pleasure is increased when we learn that many of these strange spell-like chants are not in the least nonsense, but ancient refrains derived from the telling numbers of shepherds.

From the rhymes and the notes on them, and from the informative introduction, we are brought to some fascinating conclusions about nursery rhymes. Forty per cent. of them were already recorded, and about eighty-seven per cent. of them believed to be known, by the end of the eighteenth century. Until the nineteenth century few were written especially for the nursery. They are not, in the main, folklore, but the creations of individuals, working with conscious craft; and this great oral tradition has been kept alive, not by the folk, but by the nursery. It appears that what has often been regarded as trivial and childish is in fact the legacy of poets, the de la Mares and Burnses of past times. A knowledge of this traditional verse, which, since it is orally transmitted is essentially memorable verse, is as important to the education of would-be poets and future word-spinners as the knowledge which later comes to them through print, so that the book may be regarded not merely as a dictionary but also as a poet's primer.

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BALZAC, who wrote with an encyclopædia at his elbow, is a writer who forces the foreign reader frequently to the dictionary. There can be few English readers of French who read Balzac unaided. His minute descriptions of towns, streets, houses and everything about them inside and out, from their style of decoration to their door knockers; his bewildering use of the technical language of property, investment, financial law, his accounts of trades, are as exhausting as his competitive adjectives. Guessing and skipping involve a loss. An important part of the satisfaction we derive from one of the great novels of this unequal genius, a novel like *Les Illusions Perdues*,* is to understand precisely what he is saying about the printing trade, type-founding, paper-making and the French system of discounting bills; and I, at any rate, never had it all in my head until I read Miss Kathleen Raine's very welcome translation of this novel. Into this she has put hard work and the book appears in an agreeable, contemporary idiom which rarely lapses into our passing affectations. It is a great improvement on the very wooden and flat translations to be found in old editions and Mr. Philippe Jullian's illustrations skilfully note the romantic, the sardonic and fantastic character of Balzac's world.

It is generally said that the best of Balzac is to be found in his writing on provincial life. This is almost but not quite true, for *Le Cousin Pons* is a Parisian masterpiece, and so is a great deal of *La Cousine Bette*; but Balzac is more richly and elaborately rooted in his provincial novels. Here the sardonic voice is warm, vibrant and searching, richly informed in its comic sense, delicate instead of knowing in feeling. *Lost Illusions* is well established in Angoulême, and, after a good Parisian volume about the provincial in Paris, returns to that place. Its design is simple and bold. The two provincial friends, Lucien and David, are at the beginning of manhood. The first, brilliant but unstable, a clever dreamer but weak in will, has an exorbitant appetite for success and fortune and he lives at the moral and financial expense of David, who is plain, hard-working, honourable and dedicated. Lucien falls in love with an aristocrat in Angoulême, is taken off to Paris and dropped at once. Out of humiliation and poverty, he is determined to rise to fame as a writer, make money and pillage the city of all the pleasure it can offer. He succeeds, is corrupted, ruined by the enemies he has made and returns a beggar. But he has dragged the honest David down with him, by forging his signature on bills. David, who has already been swindled by his miserly father, is struggling to keep a small printing business alive and to discover a revolutionary process for making paper cheaply; his competitors are plotting to get his secret, and Lucien's crime puts the credulous David at their mercy. In the end, David retires from the struggle with industrial greed; and Lucien, a prodigal who is only temporarily repentant, rises again to search for fame, adventure, love and power.

Balzac is one of the extraordinary novelists. Some critics have called him a dauber, others—rather ludicrously—have called him a writer of the transmogrified *roman policier* and it is true that there is a touch of the Chief of Police in him, a man inured to the squalor and folly of the human dossier. All have noted his gross faults—sensationalism, a bad style, a black and white view of human nature. Mr. Raymond Mortimer, who regards Balzac as the greatest of novelists, points to the flaw in his values which makes him assume that the good are fools who are inevitably exploited by the wicked. André Gide, who spent his life reading Balzac good and bad, regarded him as one of the inexplicable geniuses. Social realists rashly took him over for a while, as a documentary writer, not noticing his romantic and hallucinatory quality; admirers of the classical tradition (and here I would recommend the reader to consider the hostile, but guarded view expressed by Mr. Martin Turnell in *The Novel in France*) see him as a muddler, coarse, insensitive and unilluminating, a prototype of the corruption of values and prose that ensued from the Revolution. For them, the qualities which Mr. Mortimer judges by—colossal scale, and the variousness of his imaginary world, inventiveness and the impression we have of a force of nature and enormous vitality—are not decisive qualities at all. It is conceded that Balzac, more powerfully than Dickens, *was* the world he lived in. He is a man containing the whole of his own time; but that is regarded as merely phenomenal, and—like his vitality—is considered to have no calculable literary value. He might, one gathers from these intrepid critics, just have been a journalist.

It is impossible to reconcile views so divided. We have had since Balzac no novelist who contained his time at so many levels. The classical critic relies on an imaginary fixed world which can be assumed. Balzac's world was unfixed. In the Renaissance, religious authority and the classical myths gave shape and restraint to the released individual energy; but in Balzac's time, there was no traditional myth. Balzac's people live by their inner dream, violent or beatific, and not by the classical notion of fate. The dream is of fortune and power. A character like Lucien de Rubempré is not an absurdity; he will go to ruin with his eyes open from time to time. We shall learn more about the passions from the classical writers who isolate them and refer them to the inexorable laws about the human heart. We shall learn from Balzac more about the persistent appetite of the animal that dreams, and we shall learn about its obsessions, which drive society like an engine, which will destroy some individuals and satisfy others, but which will keep human society as a whole in a state of unrest and change. This was a truth about Balzac's time, and a universal truth about human nature under certain conditions. David Séchard believes in probity, and love; he belongs in spirit to the earlier age of the craftsmen. I do not believe he is fooled because he is a good man, but because he is not in tune with his age. It is true that Balzac regards David's virtues highly and believes his love for Eve Chardon is the best kind of love; but in a line, almost thrown away in the text, Balzac points out that no love in the nineteenth century was unmarked by calculation and ambition. David, too, had dreamed of fortune; Eve fully supports Lucien's desire for success. The two good bourgeois encourage his affair with an aristocrat who will advance him and deplore his entanglement with an actress who will not. The two virtuous characters are not untainted. Balzac had, no doubt, an excessive delight in the wickedness of conspiracy; but, when we think of David's defeat, we recollect that inventors have again and again been ruthlessly defrauded by financiers and their lawyers, that there is such a thing as the struggle for power and that the fight for money is a nightmare. We have lived to see private greed made respectable; we do not see it as Balzac, Dickens and the contemptuous, self-isolated Stendhal did, when the avarice of the peasants grew suddenly into the monstrous desires of the hoarders, the tycoons and the corrupt. Classical art professes to know the end of our desires; an art like Balzac's is occupied by that part of our nature which knows that the end of our desires is simply more desire.

Compare Balzac's Angoulême with Stendhal's Nancy in *Lucien Leuwen* and we see, in my opinion, the advantage of Balzac's range and vitality. Lucien de Rubempré is a more interesting guinea-pig than Lucien Leuwen; the former will fail but he will also succeed. He will never give up. The class observation is brilliant; and it also moves. The resentments and egoism of Stendhal's book made his analyses static. Balzac's Madame de Bargeton, for example, is admirably capable of change. For Madame de Bargeton suffers, as a promising aristocrat, from an education which makes her superior to her set; far from refining her, this makes her soulful and eccentric, the very lank-haired figure of the affected muse. Both herself and her caddish lover are deluded; what attracts them to each other is inexperience, ignorance, lack of judgment. Balzac understands illusion for he was continuously subject to it:

> For him (Madame Bargeton) was not thin, but slender; in love, without a lover, delicate, for all her strength; her faults, exaggerated by her mannerisms, delighted him, for young people always begin by loving exaggeration, that infirmity of noble minds. He did not notice her faded cheeks; or the brick-red blotches on her cheek bones, the result of boredom and a certain amount of ill-health . . . Her feminine exaltation, the ardour of the rather dated phrases that Madame de Bargeton had been repeating for a long time past, but which were new to Lucien, fascinated him the more because he was in a state of mind to admire everything.

The ludicrous poetry readings, the scandal, the duel—a duel thrown off in a brilliant paragraph—the exciting portrait of the dull husband, the flight to Paris, and then the fact that *both* lovers are suddenly ashamed of each

* *Lost Illusions*. By HONORÉ DE BALZAC. Translated by KATHLEEN RAINE. Preface by RAYMOND MORTIMER. *Lehmann*. 25*s*.

other, are wonderfully done. And how just, even when some fixed notion has carried him away, Balzac always is in the end. How accurately he distinguishes between the revenge of the cad and the revenge of the aristocrat; how careful to note that at the very last, Madame de Bargeton would still hold her hand if only her vanity were appeased.

The account of the rise of the new journalism in Paris and of Lucien's suicide as an artist and critic, and his corresponding rise, as a corrupt journalist, is done with great spirit. Lucien's success is all the more convincing because the fabulous Balzac goes to the length of showing us his winning article. It is a very good one. A modern novelist, as Mr. Mortimer says, would hardly risk this: Joyce's impersonations are the only examples I can think of. The portraits of the noble, uncorrupted writers are poor; they are really perambulating essays on intellectual integrity, yet they are not entirely boring and they complete an intimate picture of the profession of letters.

It is dangerous to generalise about Balzac. Often his scientific scheme did not fuse with his characters; but very often it did. Often his detail is irrelevant; but very often it is exactly relevant. Accuse him of fixed ideas; note the importunate absurdities as when he says, for example, that "all men of subtle and artistic minds" have "womanly hips", and then turn to the crooked lawyer's sudden and devastating analysis of the emotional disorder in which David Séchard's miserly father is living. Admirable that this truth should come out of the crooked mouth of a climbing rogue who can still be harassed by attacks of conscience. One remembers Balzac's faults because they are blatant; but his greatness is not an accident. It lies in his greedy pleasure in the complexity of human nature, in his control of a world of extraordinary physical vividness and happening. His nightmares and hallucinations are not easily forgotten, because they are held to earth by innumerable and real judgments on men, women and society.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A LAST LOVE

How the hot rays burn
On the museum's chestnut floor!
Alone in the varnished silence
He eagerly moves to the door,
Leaving the shadowed paintings
For the instant dazzle of suns.
His way is filled with air and blue
Pouring through the cyclamen and the smoky avenue.
All the lessons, learnt in pain,
(Which grew so large and cold,
Whispering do not fall again,)
Now run with foxes miles away, and hide their lemon eyes.

The centuries of stone and man
That lie beneath his feet,
Wake and sing to him to hurry,
"Now the spring and summer meet
The autumn for the last time in September's farewell sky;
Now your journey mingles
In the dark rock of history
With our veins of gold.
Race on, while the bell is warm, that rings in a far-off mist,
For frost will hush its copper song
And then desire will not exist."

DIANA WITHERBY

FEET OF CLAY

Katherine Mansfield's Letters to John Middleton Murry 1913-1922. Ed. JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. *Constable.* 45*s.*

This is a huge volume. In Mr. Murry's earlier edition of his wife's letters, a great deal was left out as being too intimate or painful. Here he puts it all back. The new book is much bigger than the old, though it excludes her correspondence with other people. So the proportion of extremely intimate or painful matter may be guessed in advance.

But not the horror of it: I can find no other word. If Mr. Murry had designed the new material for publication fifty years hence, readers would still have thought it a courageous act. It is so hard, in one's own case, to feel that privacy dissolves with time, and that a time does come when anyone may be told anything. We may believe it does, and rage whole-heartedly at the destruction of "human documents," but all the same we mean *our* confidences to be kept for ever; we regard it as a *sine qua non*. Which is absurd, of course, and Mr. Murry's is the larger view. One can't imagine that it came easy. One must suppose he had to fight down amour-propre and delicacy time and again, like Jacob fighting with the angel. Now he presents us with the fruits of victory—and what can one say? Only "Oh dear, oh dear—" "I would I were from hence—" or words to that effect.

But not from any blankness of mind. It is a question of those fifty years; he might have waited for the past to be past. One *can* approach the letters as it were historically, as one would *Thraliana*—to name another painfully revealing book. But it is quite impossible to write of them in the same way, for Mr. Murry's conquest of reserve is not catching.

What I minded least on the whole was what some readers may dislike especially: the flood of pet names, baby-talk and conjugal emotion—all the jacket seems to imply by an unlucky phrase about "unexpurgated love-letters." Certainly there was not much point in reproducing these endearments; in the field of baby-talk it should be every man for himself. But most of them one can glide over, with a merely superficial embarrassment. Not absolutely all. Even in the most private style, the freest of domestic prattle, there is such a thing as a wrong note. Then the embarrassment goes deep. If that half-century had passed, if this were *Thraliana*, I could give examples; but not here and now.

Which only brings me from the devil to the deep sea. These revelations cannot be discussed at all, without plain speech on a more fatal and pervasive wrongness, which to the writer was a source of pride. "One must be sensitive," she wrote, "—sensitive to the very last nerve—or *I* must." There is the flaw. It may have good results in art, but not in conduct, nor in letter-writing which is half-way between. Even her "expurgated" letters were deformed by over-consciousness and overstrain, lack of simplicity and quiet, and a too-patent struggle to "load every rift with ore." This time, the cult displays itself at greater length and in a worse light. It led to spiritual complacency, to orgies of contempt and loathing for the base vulgar. *They* are not sensitive, not fellow-beings of the elect; they are another species, which includes nearly everyone. This view is constantly repeated; it is a real, inordinate conviction of superiority. But then at least the holder should have lived up to it; she should have been fastidious and exquisite in all relations, and "herself a true poem." And now we find it was not so. She was sick, miserable, frantic, and behaved accordingly—wreaking herself on those who loved her, blaming, vituperating, with remorseless eloquence, with infinite self-pity, with affected calm, with all the tricks of martyrdom and self-deception that we all know, heightened by her disease and justified as "feeling to the last nerve." It is a gripping and exhausting study—fearfully copious, unflaggingly intense, and very painful indeed.

Even in brighter hours, what one would give for just a little flatness and sobriety! But there is none at all; even the brighter moments are intense, or winsome. Finally my subconscious came to the relief, applying a poultice from other minds, in which the modest voice of rationality made itself heard. "*Mon Dieu, des moeurs du temps mettons-nous moins en peine . . .*" "*Nothing is as good as it seems beforehand; not even our marrying wasn't, you see . . .*" George Eliot's heroine was not a thinker, nor perhaps a sensitive, but she had grown up: which Katherine Mansfield could not bring herself to do. "Oh, curse my heart—curse it!! Why am I not a calm indifferent grown-up woman—" so she cried out, but in the accents of oblique self-praise. That is mere human nature, we are all addicted to it, and she had terrible excuses. What they fail to excuse is her assumption of apartness, at the same time. She was for ever horrified, and personally outraged, by "the snail under the leaf," the moral ugliness of human beings, but never lumped herself in, or saw her shockingly ambivalent relations as a case in point.

Indeed this new material might form a tract against sensibility. "Feeling to the last nerve" is not a moral distinction, it is a disease; when cultivated, it becomes a sin of pride and self-love. Katherine Mansfield's savage moods, her wallowings in hate and rancour, are a true expression of it. Sensitives have always too much feeling *not* to hurt their nearest and dearest; they never have too much to hurt them. And one must add that the assumption of a corner in sensibility, even in the most painful setting, has its comic side. "Oh, my own, I share, I share it all—your knowledge of how we have suffered, *how we seem of all our generation to have been to the war . . .*" It is impossible to read these words without a fleeting memory of Mrs. Gummidge, that patron saint of sensitives. And yet one feels remorse at the comparison. This is mere human nature, ruthlessly exposed—and in a dying, tormented, wonderfully gifted woman. And a very young woman. Katherine Mansfield would have changed; indeed the change had begun, just at the moment when her life was finished. I can't feel that her last experiment was all a mistake, even if it abridged her days.

K. JOHN

THE NATURE OF POLITICS

Dominations and Powers. By GEORGE SANTAYANA. *Constable.* 42*s.*

Civitas Dei. By LIONEL CURTIS. *Allen & Unwin.* 30*s.*

Here are two immense books both of which tell us that they deal with politics, government, and liberty, but without that information from the authors it would be impossible to gather that they were dealing with the same phenomena. If you read two books on physics, you do not find that one is concerned with the nature of atoms and the other with that of elves and fairies; yet an analogous experience is not by any means uncommon to the reader of books on history and government. If the subject of Mr. Curtis's book is politics, *i.e.*, the nature, causes and effects of the communal actions of human beings, then the subject of Mr. Santayana's book may be anything, from the communal actions of fairies to the ethical consistency of *Pêche Melba*—the one thing which it cannot be is politics.

Mr. Curtis, in order to prove the main point of his dissertation, retells in some detail the political history of mankind "from the earliest period to the present day," and this narrative occupies the greater part of his 750 pages. The history of human politics must fill anyone, who is not a sadist, like many Teutonic historians, or a whimsy, like Mr. Santayana, with horror. The only human contrivance or contraption which can compete with politics and government in the quantity and quality of useless misery which it has caused mankind to suffer is religion, but, though it must be a near thing, kings and other earthly

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rulers have probably been more effective instruments of death and unhappiness than Gods and priests. When one turns from the political facts to the contemplation of the works of historians and philosophers who write about them, one is usually filled not merely with horror, but also with despair. For one finds oneself suddenly in a dream world in which one is being told a fairy story about hell and Bedlam by someone who is trying unsuccessfully to combine the style of Henry James with that of *Alice in Wonderland*, Karl Marx, and *Agatha's First Prayer*.

That is what Mr. Santayana does in his book to which he gives the sub-title "Reflections on Liberty, Society, and Government." These words indicate that he thinks he is writing a book on politics, but it would hardly be possible to guess this by reading the book itself. It is a book about all the fairy little whimsies in the sophisticated and diffuse mind of a dilettante æsthete and philosopher who is so conscientiously determined to write well that he can never say exactly or plainly what he means.

It is only fair to Mr. Santayana to put one's own cards on the table and say exactly and plainly what one means by "politics" or liberty, society, and Government. Politics, in the widest sense, is concerned with the actions of human beings, not as individuals, but as members of a community. It is the communal regulation of human relations. On Crusoe's island there is no politics because there is no community. But as soon as two or three are gathered together in one locality—*i.e.*, as soon as you get a community—the communal relations of individuals must, if they are not to be regulated by battle, murder, and sudden death, be subjected to political regulation or government. The function of politics and government is therefore primarily to determine the social framework of rules and regulations within which the individuals can live their lives. The more populous the community and the more complicated the lives which the individuals wish to live, the more complicated and extensive will be the sphere of politics and government.

In every community there are always roughly two ways in which the framework of life can be constructed and the rules and regulations made and enforced. The one is authoritarian, in which someone commands and all the others blindly obey—"theirs not to reason why"—the other is libertarian, in which everyone "reasons why" and is concerned with the making of the regulations and creating the machinery and personnel of government.

The essential differences between these two systems were first made explicit in exact and plain words about 2,000 years ago in a conversation which took place on the Hellespont between Xerxes and a Greek. They were discussing the application of the two systems to the communal problem of war, the problem of getting men to stand together and fight and die in a regiment or army. The Persian recognised only one way and laughed at any other: the officer gave a command and if the soldier tried to run away dragged him back into the battle. The Greek replied that the Spartans will fight the superior numbers of the Persians, because they are free men: "when they fight in a body, they are the bravest men in the world. For though they are free men, they are not completely free; they have a master—law, and they fear him far more than your subjects fear you."

This fundamental difference between two ways of life which appeared in the Persian and Greek organisation of armies reappears in every kind of community, including the modern Leviathan which we call the national state. The question is whether for communal purposes individuals are to be treated as free people and ends in themselves or as slaves or tools to be used for or by persons, classes, or abstractions. The first method, hardly ever used, has, when used, produced glimmers of civilisation; the second has produced the horrible story of human politics. The question is neither mystical nor mysterious; it is plain, matter of fact, and simple although the application of the method of civilisation in any particular case may be difficult and complicated.

Mr. Curtis is aware of this. His book is sane and sensible and his object is to examine the problem of how the community can be organised in a modern state so that people may live the civilised life of free men. It is for that purpose that he embarks on the long analysis of past history, in the hope that its lessons may guide our footsteps into the future. To apply common sense to history and politics as consistently as does Mr. Curtis is rare in political thinkers. Mr. Santayana on the other hand follows the well-trodden path of mysticism and muddle. Most of what he says is to me unintelligible, because he rarely defines his terms and he meanders through vague, unproved generalisations expressed in language which is a curious mixture of prettiness and jargon. He begins a chapter on rational authority, for instance, with these words:

> Uniformities in nature are neither perfect nor pervasive; it would be superstitious to regard them as obligatory. Where elements are similar and conditions similar, effects are similar too: perhaps that is the deepest uniformity, itself possibly not absolute, which might seem to explain the others.

Mr. Santayana never seems to explain either himself or the others. When a writer on politics begins to talk about "nature"—what is nature?—or "Nature" or "natural Will" or "primal Will" as does Mr. Santayana continually, you may be sure that there is mumbo-jumbo up his sleeve or in his bonnet. This political mumbo-jumbo of writers and thinkers has always helped to make the practice of politics so senseless and so abominable.

LEONARD WOOLF

NEW NOVELS

The Day of the Locust. By NATHANAEL WEST. *Grey Walls Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Dog Star. By DONALD WINDHAM. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Goribon's Folly. By JACQUES LAURENT. *Lehmann.* 15*s.*

Budd Schulberg's recent novel, *The Disenchanted*, was not perhaps as serious or as effective as intended, but it explored some interesting new territory. Few contemporary writers have bothered to contrast the spirit of the Twenties with that of the Thirties, and in spite of much that was platitudinous, Mr. Schulberg's volume succeeded in showing how far away the frivolity and brilliance of the Twenties was from the social consciences of the decade that followed. Two newly published novels, both brimming over with despair, carry us a stage further in social history; they reveal just how wide is the gap between the Thirties and to-day. Nathanael West's study in middle-aged, middle-class beastliness (which has taken twelve years to reach this country) is as harsh and uneasy as any nightmare inspired by Picasso's *Guernica*; to-day's *Dog Star*, on the other hand, is full of Blue Period melancholy. Nathanael West's book is an authentic product of the Age of Wrath, a picture of Hollywood's repulsive underbelly painted in vomit colours. See, how he prefers to show us the scrofulous suburbs rather than Sunset Boulevard, and the twilit failures, never the limelit stars. West's central character, a sleazy temptress called Faye Greener, exists at the very bottom of the Hollywood hierarchy, but she is convinced that she can clamber to the top. Innately mean and irrevocably small-time, Faye has the advantage of prettiness and she is like a fly-paper to men. Tod Hackett, the dim hero, Homer Simpson, a retired clerk, Abe Kusich, a dwarf bookmaker, not to speak of an idiot Texan Adonis and a Mexican cock-fighter, all the male protagonists become involved with her. Only the least worthy wriggle free; the others are in some way maimed. After the same apocalyptic scene that Mr. West used to finish off *Miss Lonelyhearts*, the story skids to a sudden awful end.

The Day of the Locust, Mr. West's most ambitious book (it was also his last) is less good than his masterpiece, *Miss Lonelyhearts*, but the uneven edge is often sharper and it has a coating of poison. And how much more trenchant than most of Scott Fitzgerald, how much funnier and less facile than *The Loved One*! Mr. Waugh is too nimble a wag, too professional a humourist ever to probe the seat of the trouble. West has more in common with Grosz, and I think the fact that he once edited a magazine with that satirist partly explains the German flavour of his uncompromising and devastating wit. Surrealism must also have influenced him: one need look no further than page 23 for the swollen body of a dead horse—an indiarubber dummy, nevertheless a prop left over from *L'âge d'or*. Overdone? Tiresome? Yes, up to a point. As with George Orwell the preoccupation with squalor is often schoolboyish, but this evil-smelling gust from the day before yesterday is as good as anything emitted in America since.

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NOTE: N. S. & N. readers of Mr. Howard Spring's reviews in **Country Life** have probably already spotted an error in the 'quote' cited last week by Faber and Faber from Mr. Spring's review of ALFRED THE KING, Patry Williams' new historical novel. This should read: 'Both stirring and emotionally moving. He makes Alfred a living being and brings out the **affinities** between his time and our own.'

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but gentility is a sign of the times and the Blue Period melancholy which characterises Mr. Windham's writing is common to a great deal of post-war American fiction, not to speak of painting. Writers like Vidal, Capote and Williams, and painters who subscribe to Lincoln Kirstein's "Symbolic Realism" use the same props, the same clichés. Who has not come across that boy with the big black eyes, half vicious child, half girlish gangster? Usually his shirt is as picturesquely tattered as the poster against which he stands, while in the background shacks, hoardings and parking lots fade romantically away into the *terrain vague*. An orphan of the storm, he is inevitably the Hero of our Time. However much the blurb may protest that Mr. Windham's is an original talent, existential, sentimental Blackie is the vagabond we know. A fifteen-year-old reform school boy, he has an abortive romance with an inmate appropriately called Whitey. Alas, Whitey commits suicide and Blackie runs away to buy a black shirt and go chasing the girls in the city. The rest of the book tells how Blackie maltreats his family, his girl Mabel, a photographer who is kind to him and his "gang," but the members of it beat him up and Blackie himself finishes off their good work by committing suicide. Judged as a rendering of the Actaeon legend, which is what it claims to be, *The Dog Star* is meaningless. As an erotic adventure story—one that is unusually well-written—it is better than most.

Now for a plunge into verbosity. *Goribon's Folly*, so the publishers claim, "is one of the most remarkable works to come out of post-war France." The blurb is commendably truthful; no recent novel has proved to be such a merciless bore. And then to be threatened with further instalments: *Goribon's Folly* is merely "the first part of a gigantic novel that may be described as a fantastic comic opera on modern life." Give me the Dale Family any day or else give the author a carminative. Briefly, this saga tells how an eccentric millionaire founds an Institute for the Prevention of Suicide. Various people apply to be members of the staff and the protagonists of this fantasy are chosen. "The huge and varied cast" which we are promised turns out to consist of a young man called Anne, his sweetheart, a bitch, a virgin, a communist, a statistician and various other dummies. The antics of this dull lot are described in minutest detail; the books, reports and newspapers they read, the letters they write and receive, no matter how inconsequential and extraneous, are written out *verbatim* and at length. After a while you panic whenever anyone approaches a bookshelf or a desk, goes to sleep (the dreams!), or even asks the way (the directions!). These painstaking attempts at realism, all the worse for being faintly comical are as redolent of life as railway guides. As for the plot, Marcel Aymé might have used it to while away a dull stretch in one of his novels, but why blow up such a notion to epic proportions?

JOHN RICHARDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,128

Set by A. G. Rochelle

The usual prizes are offered for a Dedicatory Poem (of a single stanza, in the form of *The Scholar Gipsy*) which might have been used in this number, entitled Autumn Books. Entries by October 16th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION, No. 1,125

Set by Brenda Hewitt

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Humpty Dumpty's explanation of these four lines is well known; competitors are invited to submit a new commentary on the text (limit 150 words).

Report by Brenda Hewitt

A large and diverse entry; perhaps the terms of the competition allowed too much freedom of interpretation. Many competitors pointed out that "borogroves" should have read "borogoves" and for this lapse I apologise. The two entries furthest from what I expected were Fergie's Joycean fragment ("miming their easy virtuous mansuetpuditude"), and Jean Stubbs's Wackford Squeers terrorising Smike into producing an entry ("rolling up his NEW STATESMAN and giving it two or three flourishes to try its power and suppleness"). The special languages of America, the Ballet, the Palais de Danse, the Black Market (toves were almost invariably plural *toffs* or portmanteau *toffs* and *coves*) all contributed brilliant translations of individual words, but no sustained successes. Several competitors convincingly proved Jabberwocky's German derivation and obligingly translated—but the Freudian interpretations, though horribly probable, are mainly unprintable. Six guineas are divided equally between the five printed below.

It will come as a shock to many lovers of *Alice* to learn that this treasured verse is merely an eccentric distillation of a Tory leading article. Foreseeing 1951, Carroll says the political weather was excellent (*'Twas brillig*) and the sly, slithery Trade Union coves (*slithy toves*) were twisting and turning (*did gyre and gimble*) in the agonies of internecine dispute (*wabe* clearly meaning *the war with Bevan*). The much-vaunted New Towns (*borogoves*) were miasmic and flimsy (*mimsy* also, of course, incorporates the author's well-known distaste for South Mimms); and the rickety laths and rafters (*raths*) of the prefabs (*mome* meaning *mock-home*) were everywhere cracking and crumbling and burying their inmates in the ruins (*outgrabe*).

For a more detailed gloss, read Lord Woolton's *Jabbertory's Guide*.

EDWARD BLISHEN

"Every poem," says Alice (Chapter IX), "was about fishes." There being no reference to fish in the rest of Jabberwocky, Humpty Dumpty's explanation of verse 1 is clearly inaccurate.

Brillig is obviously the brill-fishing season, and having correctly interpreted *slithy*, *gyre*, and *gimble*, Humpty Dumpty should have realised that toves are mudeels. They get their name from living in mud-banks or wabes (cf. *swab*, a dirty fellow) and so becoming nearly as black as stoves. The borogove, another kind of eel, digs itself into the sand in creeks, the word being corrupted from *burrow* and *cove*. Mome-raths are silly young fish (*mome*, a dolt, *rathe*, early) that outgrabe (groped their way from the wabe) when their elders were prudently sheltering. It was the knowledge that brill-fishing (which threatened other fish too) was going on that kept the toves in the wabe and made the borogoves mimsy (behaving similarly, from *mimic*).

LESLIE JOHNSON

This is about a black market. *Brillig* means the hours of dirty business, when they brew illeg-ality, and the *toves* are the toshes and coves who brew it. *Slithy*, of course, is a portmanteau of slick and writhe, To *gyre* is to make rings round the buyer and to *gimble* is to gamble nimbly. The *wabe* is their secret hideout: it's way back of the front windows. *Borogoves* are odd birds who wander round trying to scratch up a loan—*mimsy* means they are miserable, and queer and dumb, because they have no notes. *Raths* ought to mean creatures which are as thin as rakes or laths: in fact it means the opposite—wide boys (disguised, you know). *Mome* means that they won't come 'ome to Mum, and *outgribing* naturally means doing better than anyone else at grabbing a bribe.

R. J. P. HEWISON

Brillig, from brisk and whirligig, means a time of high confusion. *Slithy* is slithery or slippery and *toves* is a form of tovarich; *slithy toves* are thus Fellow Travellers suspected of deviationism. *Gyre* means to be in a flat spin and *gimble* (connected with gimbals) means to strive to keep an even keel or straighten oneself out. *Wabe* is simply World Action for Bourgeois Elimination. *Mimsy*, from miminy-piminy and whimsy, means capriciously finicking, and *borogoves* are local Commissars, or borough-governors. *Mome*, connected with Momus, means sneering; *raths*, from rathe, are obviously Young Communists.

and *outgrabe*, past tense of *outgrebe* (cf. outHerod Herod) refers to their loud and scornful comments, resembling the grebe's harsh call.

The verse evidently refers to a meeting similar to the World Intellectuals' Congress, where the Fellow Travellers are having a stormy passage from the Commissars, who are fussily suspicious, and the Young Communists, who are downright rude.

H. A. C. EVANS

Except for *slithy* and *gyre*, Dumpty's explanations are grossly inaccurate. From his definition of *toves*, (" something like a badger . . . lizard . . . corkscrew "), one can only assume that he was thinking of the *brecko* (brock/gecko/neck-opener) which has nothing in common with the *tove* (cave-dwelling toad) save that both lay rhomboidal eggs.

Brillig (brilliant/grilling) refers of course to the sunshine, which causes the toves to *gimble* (gambol nimbly) in the *wabe* (wave/beach). The *borogoves* (groove-shaped burrows in the coves) are *mimsy* (mirage/shimmer/hazy) in the heat. Dumpty, recklessly describing borogoves as " thin shabby-looking birds," is obviously confusing them with the *raths* (raven/lath).

Usually of nocturnal and unsociable habits, (*mome* = mum/mope/gloaming) the raths are driven by the heat of the borogoves to *outgrebe** (creep grumpily out) into the daylight.

* Dumpty suggests Scand. *Outgribe*; the p.t. of this however would be *outgrobe*—c.f. *Rhine*, p.t. *Rhone*.

ELAINE MORGAN

CHESS: The Fatal Blunder

No. 105

Not every blunder has fatal results, and just as in the game of Life we are sometimes given a second chance, just so in Chess we may survive our folly by wriggling out of mortal danger. Such an escape from Nemesis may well provide me with a fascinating

subject one of these days, but I for one prefer my blunders to be fatal. It may be less dramatic than a successful escape story, but it satisfies our sense of justice. Take this position reported by our omniscient friend Kurt Richter. Black had just offered an exchange of Queens and a draw. White, very conscious of what he considered his positional as well as his material advantage, spurned both offers and checked at QKt1. Black interposed his R, and White instantly attacked the pinned piece by R-Q2. After all, Black had nothing but one Q-check at his KB6, obviously the notorious *Rachezchach* prior to resignation. The check was promptly given and answered, Black continued with K-R3, and it was only now that White recognised to be hopelessly lost himself.

An equally instructive and no less fatal blunder was made by a man most fittingly called Spengler. No doubt, when making his fourth move, he was subconsciously imbued by the g'oomy philosophy of his famous namesake.

(1) P-Q4	P-KKt3	(5) B x P ch	K x B
(2) Kt-KB3	B-Kt2	(6) Kt-Kt5 ch	K-B3
(3) P-K3	P-Q3 !	(7) Q-R3 ch	K x Kt
(4) B-QB4	QKt-Q2 ? ?	(8) P-K4 ch and mates next move.	

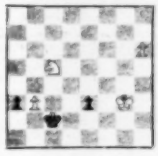
A: J. Krejcik 1924

When discovering one's latest blunder to be instantly fatal it isn't often that one can make a very rare virtue out of so bitter a necessity. It is alleged to have happened in this position where, after Black's Q had rashly grabbed the KtP, White professed to see the makings of a brilliant mating combination, starting with B x P ch. Black retook with his B, and seeing too late that his combination had a flaw, White, unable to announce the desired mate, did the next-best (and certainly a much rarer) thing: he announced a " sui-mate in 3." For stating how exactly White forced Black to mate him in three moves, competitors can earn an easy 4 ladder points, and I feel generous rather than niggardly in offering one extra point for information as to what sort of mate (involving a Q-sacrifice) White had envisaged and what was the flaw in it.

After such frivolity the more seriously minded competitors will welcome a couple of honest endgame studies, not too difficult but none too easy either. They seem to be fairly rated with 6 and 7 points respectively. White to win in both of them.

B: Martin Gohn 1947

C: G. Bernhardt 1948



Usual prizes. Entries by October 15.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 15

A: (1) P-Kt5, KxKt, (2) P-Kt6, P-B5, (3) P-Kt7, P-B6, (4) P queens, P-B7, (5) Q-KR2 !

B: (1) B-R6 ch, K-Kt1, (2) Kt-B6 ch, K-R1, (3) K-Kt2, B-R5, (4) K-B3, B-Kt6, (5) B-B8, B-R7, (6) K-B2, B-Kt6 ch, (7) K-K2 ! B-R7, (8) K-B3, B-Kt6, (9) B-R6 ! B-R7, (10) K-Kt4 ! B-Kt6, (11) K-B5, P-B6, (12) K-Kt4, etc.

C: (1) P-B4, K-B2 (best), (2) PxP, P-R4, (3) K-Kt3, P-R5, (4) K-R4, P-R6, (5) P-Kt3, etc.,
if (1) . . . PxP, (2) P-R4, if (1) . . . P-R4, (2) P-B5, PxP, (3) P-R4.

Many competitors under-rated the subtleties of the tempo-loss in **B**; others, evidently unaware of the " normal " draw achieved by a P at B7 against the Q, failed to see the peculiarities of **A**. Prizes shared by Eric Allan, A. W. Bowen, R. W. B. Clarke, G. S. Fisher, Leslie Hale. Equally flawless solutions from K. Beaumont, E. W. Carmichael, R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, Neil McKelvie, J. M. Reid, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg. In the 4th decade of the ladder-competition A. J. Roycroft leads with 537 points, a most notable achievement, since he was the winner of the 1st decade and had to start from scratch in the 2nd. The other prizes (and the relegation to scratch) go to P. B. Sarson (532), C. Sandberg (511) and R. C. Chaturvedi (472). Only a point behind is E. Hopkinson who, with W. T. Maccall (463), A. Schneider (419), A. J. Head and other " steady plodders," should have a splendid chance in the 5th and/or 6th decade. But some of the 2nd decade winners are by now coming on fast, to say nothing of Leslie Hale, who had to start from scratch in the 2nd and is now up to 467.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Chair of Physical Chemistry. Salary will be at the rate of £2,000 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £122 (Australian) per annum). There is a normal retirement provision on the lines of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities and, in addition, a pension of £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Professor R. J. W. Le Fevre is Professor of Chemistry and Head of the Chemistry School. A Chair of Organic Chemistry is being currently advertised. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 12, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Chair of Organic Chemistry. Salary will be at the rate of £2,000 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £122 (Australian) per annum). There is a normal retirement provision on the lines of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities and, in addition, a pension of £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Professor R. J. W. Le Fevre is Professor of Chemistry and Head of the Chemistry School. A Chair of Physical Chemistry has been established and is being currently advertised. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 12, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of New Zealand. Position of Vice-Chancellor. The Senate of the University of New Zealand, which is a federal University, consisting of six colleges, invites applications for the appointment of a full-time Vice-Chancellor. The salary will be the same as that of an Academic Head of a constituent College, which at present stands at £2,000 per annum, but is under review. An entertainment allowance of £500 per annum will also be paid. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is October 15, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Professor of Philosophy. Lecturer (Grade I) or Senior Lecturer in Mathematics. Applications are invited for the above positions. The salary scales applicable are as follow: Professor, £A1,850 per annum; Senior Lecturer, £A1,000—£A1,250 per annum (£A50 increments); Lecturer Grade I, £A800—£A1,000 per annum (£A50 increments). A cost of living adjustment (at present £A46 p.a. for men and £A35 p.a. for women) is payable in addition to the salary. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 15, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Applications are invited for appointment as Senior Lecturer in Geography. The salary grade is £A1,000-£A1,250 per annum (annual increments £A50). A cost-of-living allowance (at present £46 p.a. for men and £35 p.a. for women) is also added to the salary. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 15, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Natal (Pietermaritzburg and Durban, South Africa). Professorship in Classics. Applications are invited for the above Chair, tenable in Pietermaritzburg, the duties to commence on 1st March, 1952, or as soon as possible thereafter. Salary scales: Men £850 × £30—£1,180 × £20—£1,200. Women £600 × £25—£900, plus cost of living allowance, at present £256 p.a. for a married man and £109 p.a. for a single person. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 15, 1951.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer in Economics. The Senior Lecturer must be well qualified in Economic Theory, and applicants should state what branch of Economic Theory constitutes their main field of interest and special qualification. The salary scale is £800—£1,000 per annum plus a temporary cost of living allowance on the Public Service Scale (at present £256 per annum for a married man and £80 per annum for a single person). The post is vacant from February, 1952. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is Nov. 15, 1951.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Lecturer in the Department of Economics, and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. The salary will be £800 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £950 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Duties to commence on February 1, 1952, or as soon thereafter as agreed upon by the Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is October 31, 1951.

BRITISH Museum, Assistant Keepers: The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for six pensionable posts. Two posts of Assistant Keeper (First Class) or Assistant Keeper (Second Class), according to the age and qualifications of the successful candidates, are in the Department of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts. The remaining four posts are in the grade of Assistant Keeper (Second Class) of which two are in the Department of Printed Books and two in the Department of Manuscripts. Salary scales: Assistant Keeper (First Class) £780 rising to £1,250 (men), or £655 rising to £1,085 (women). Assistant Keeper (Second Class) £400 rising to £600 (men), or £400 rising to £500 (women). Starting pay may be increased in respect of approved post-graduate experience and in certain cases for service with H.M. Forces. Prospects of promotion within 7 years to post of Assistant Keeper (First Class). For the First Class posts candidates must be at least 28 on 1st September, 1951. For the Second Class posts candidates must be at least 22 and under 26 years of age on 1st September, 1951; extensions allowed for service on a regular or short-service engagement in H.M. Forces and up to two years for other Crown service or for established civil service. For exceptionally well qualified candidates the upper age limit may be extended. Candidates must have obtained a University degree with First or Second Class Honours and must possess competent knowledge of two modern languages, preferably French and German. For one of the posts in Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts the degree must be in Persian or Turkish; for the other it must be in Chinese, but evidence of equivalent ability will be accepted. For the posts in Printed Books and in Manuscripts a competent knowledge of Latin is essential, and for one of the posts in Printed Books qualifications in at least one Slavonic language are desirable. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 31/51, completed application forms must reach him by November 8, 1951.

B.B.C. requires Personnel Officer for the Catering Department, to hold responsibility under Head of Catering for the personnel and establishment side of the department. Duties include recruitment of catering staff and implementation of staff policy, including welfare, as affecting service and supervisory staff in various centres throughout the country and clerical and administrative staff in London. Staff administration experience essential and candidates should preferably be accustomed to dealing with catering staff and be able to interpret and apply a general staff policy in terms of the particular needs of the catering service. Knowledge of Industrial and Staff Canteen Undertakings Wages Regulations and experience of their application would be useful. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £965. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Personnel, Catering, N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped add. env.

CITY of Birmingham Education Committee. Association for Mentally Defective Children. Assistant Supervisor (woman) required. Preference will be given to candidates who hold the Diploma of the National Association for Mental Health. Applicants should have had some experience with children. A knowledge of musical activities, handicrafts, and of simple physical training is also desirable. Salary in accordance with the scale £275 × £15 - £320 per annum plus £80 for holders of the Diploma mentioned above. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned (Special Schools) and should be returned immediately. E. L. Russell, Chief Education Officer, Council House, Margaret St., Birmingham, 3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GOVERNMENT Department has vacancies for a Principal (man) and Deputy Principal (man or woman) at Russian Language School. Duration about 3 years. Salary: Principal not less than £1,200. Deputy not less than £900. Candidates should be well qualified in Russian language. Teaching experience desirable but not essential if otherwise qualified. Ability to organise and administer full-time course of study and control a substantial teaching staff is essential in Principal and desirable in Deputy. Candidates who applied for vacancies for teachers of Russian J.M.61 will be considered and should not re-apply. Written applications giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications, experience, posts held (including dates) and of 3 referees including their official position or employment should be addressed to the Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1, quoting reference number J.M.88 within 10 days of appearance of this advertisement. In no circumstance should original testimonials be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

B.B.C. invites applications from men and women under 30 and preferably of University standard for training as Sub-Editors for foreign language transmissions. Candidates must have a developed interest in international affairs and an enthusiasm for presenting home and overseas news with simplicity and accuracy to foreign listeners. Knowledge of foreign languages not required. After a short period in the B.B.C. Staff Training School learning about all aspects of radio, successful candidates will be attached to the Foreign Services News Department. The work involves shifts, including a share of night hours. Training salary according to qualifications and not less than £565. After satisfactory completion of training period, candidates should graduate to sub-editorial posts in the Foreign Services News Establishment in a grade with salary maximum £965, and prospects of further promotion. Candidates showing talent in other directions would have opportunities of transfer to other departments. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "News Trainee, N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclosed stamped addressed envelope.

SOCIAL Worker. Applications are invited from women with some recent practical experience of social work for appointment as welfare officer in London County Council public health department. Primary duties are in connection with prevention of venereal disease and involve attendance at V.D. clinics, including one at Holloway Prison. Social science qualification or certificate of Institute of Almoners would be an advantage. Basic salary £175 × £25—£500 plus 10% addition. Further details on form of application obtainable from Medical Officer of Health (PH.D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, which should be returned not later than October 20. Ref. 1169.

W.E.A., London District, require an Organiser for W.E.A. work in its area North of the Thames. Applicants should have experience and knowledge of adult education, particularly among working-class bodies. Salary £450 - £25 - £550. Last date for applications October 31. Statement of conditions and application form from W. Lowth, Secretary, W.E.A., London District, 28 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Milton House Remand Home for Girls (17 beds). Applications are invited for: Supervisor (Resident or non-resident) with cooking experience. Salary: £240 per annum, rising by annual increments of £12 to £280 per annum, plus an allowance up to £104 per annum for extraneous duties. £78 per annum will be deducted for full residential emoluments, or if non-resident a charge will be made for meals supplied on duty. The appointment is superannuable, subject to medical examination. Applications on forms, obtainable from Children's Officer, 19 Fell Road, Croydon (on sending a stamped addressed foolscap envelope), to whom applications must be returned. Canvassing will disqualify. E. Taberner, Town Clerk.

THE Jewish Blind Society has the following vacancies: Occupational Therapist, whose main duties will be at the Society's Residential Home but who would also be expected to run classes at the Society's Clubs in London. Living-in staff, preferably with nursing experience, for the Society's Homes in Barking and Margate. Applications to Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

MIDDLESEX County Council Children's Department. Housefather & Housemother (married couple) reqd. in Home in North Middlesex for 12 school age boys. Good exper. in residential work for children with genuine interest in their needs and development. Preferably with completed training under the Central Training Council in child care. Wages, Housefather 141s. p.w., Housemother 115s. p.w. with 23s. p.w. in each case for board & residence. Application forms (stmpd. add. f'cap. env.) from Children's Officer, 10 Gt. George St., Westminster, S.W.1, to be returned within 14 days quoting LS97. N.S. Canvassing disqualifies.

FREE-lance reqd. regularly to provide authoritative topical articles and notes on aspects of dairying from the producer-retailer angle. Farming topics not reqd. Box 6140.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EAST Sussex County Council. Children's Committee. "The Haven" Nursery, Lancing, Sussex. Applications are invited from qualified Nursery-trained Teachers for appointment as Superintendent of this residential nursery for 38 children aged 2-5 years. Salary: Burnham Scale for Grade O (Women) Head Teachers with free residential emoluments. Applicants should have a special interest in work with children deprived of a normal home life. The nursery is a recognised Training Centre and ability to train students is essential. It is newly equipped and stands in its own grounds, on the coast road with good communications to Brighton and London. The appointment is superannuable and subject to medical examination. Applications, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, and giving the names of two referees, should reach the undersigned within a fortnight of the appearance of this advertisement. H. S. Martin, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Lewes.

THE Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood, has vacancies for House Mothers and House Fathers to take charge of small family groups of children during out of school hours. No domestic duties. Experience in youth work desirable. Salary (at present under review) £192 10s. to £275 per annum (women), £247 10s. to £330 (men), plus full residential emoluments. Pension scheme. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Application form obtainable from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Road, S.W.16.

YOUTH Leader (part-time) wanted for special senior Mixed Club work in Catford. Duties include area field work with Youth Clubs in adjacent districts. Approximately nine evenings monthly for 45-week year. Rate based on L.E.A. Scale. Full particulars, with special application form, on which application should be made by October 17, 1951, are obtainable from the Secretary, South Suburban Co-operative Society, Ltd., 62 Croydon Road, Penge, S.E.20.

LADIES and gentlemen of intelligence and integrity reqd. in cities and large towns to call upon Youth clubs, Church organisations, Teachers, etc. Interesting work for which good payment is offered. Box 6273.

RESIDENT Warden reqd., St. Monica's House, Reading, for difficult adolescent girls (10 beds). Interesting post with scope for initiative. Communicant member of Church of England. Apply stating qualifics. & age, Miss Cole, 20 Melrose Ave., Reading.

LODGINGS required in Hampshire for handicapped boy of sixteen. Fit for work but in need of special assistance and understanding male supervision. Apply to the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

EDITOR seeks secretary shorthand-typ.st (female, 21 to 35) who, in addition to secretarial duties, is capable of giving some assistance in the production of a monthly journal. Hence some experience in abstracting, proof reading, subbing, etc., is necessary. Other qualifications are: Rapid accurate shorthand-typing, sound English and spelling, alert mind, personal drive; residence within easy travelling distance of Croydon. Letters in own handwriting must state age, full details of education, experience, and salary required. Box 6139.

COMPETENT Shorthand Typist, well educated, accurate with good speeds, wanted immediately. Work interesting and varied. Salary according to age and experience. Apply Library, Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, London, W.1.

ZIONIST Women's Labour Organisation requires Organising Secretary Shorthand Typist. Please write, giving full particulars, to Pioneer Women, 57 Eton Ave., London, N.W.3.

YOUNG woman with s hand-typing required for interesting secretarial work at a small residential school for difficult children. £180 p.a. plus board, lodging & laundry. Apply Warden, Bodenham Manor, Dinmore, Hereford.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FIRST-class Sec. s/t., executive experience, free-lance. MOU. 1701

UNIVERSITY graduate, bilingual English/German, experienced revision MSS, free October 15 onwards for research, translations, typing or would work at home or anywhere London area. Box 6018.

SECRETARY, 24, well-educated, experienced, wants permanent part-time post, preferably Paddington/Ealing areas. Box 6177.

MAN, 27, single, hard worker, wide (esp. intell.) interests, good Cambridge degree and very good testimonials, travelled, short but successful experience as journalist, executive, lecturer, seeks settled career with opportunity before pay. Box 6181.

INDIAN M.A. (Econ.) Delhi Univ., 21, seeks articles with firm of Chartered Accountants. Willing pay premium. Box 6325.

PAINTER with wide teaching experience seeks part-time teaching post in London area. Box 6135.

AFRICAN student of English Literature requires employment, preferably clerical, but any interesting work considered. Croydon or London area. Box 6215.

FEMALE Arts Graduate, good personality, secretarial training and wide knowledge, seeks post. Box 6040.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MALE (24) Inter. B.Sc. finishing 3 years at L.C.M. in composition, int.: all creative expression; forte: fluent French, talking, writing, expansive demonstrative manner, assured address, palpably striking air, needs employment, pt.-time if possible. Box 6247.

TRAINED & experienced woman Caterer (M.H.C.I.) seeks temporary appointments Autumn & Winter. Small or large scale catering, kitchen re-organization, costing, etc., Southern Counties only. Box 5688.

LADY seeks post needing initiative and responsibility. Literary exper., native German, English, University Certificate, own typewriter. Suggestions welcmd. Box 6355.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BOURNEMOUTH. Midland Hotel for winter residence. H. & C. all rooms. Gas fires. Spring int. mattresses. Excel. food. Whly. film shows. Most reas. terms upon applic. Midland Hotel. Opp. West Station.

RYE. Reopened under new management after extensive improvements. The Hope Anchor Hotel, Watchbell Street. Superb position, high and airy. Rye 2216.

WALLINGFORD-on-Thames. White Cross Hotel. 6 acres lovely grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. appvd. Tel. 3155.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Cent. Manor, in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock and Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

HASTINGS 4571. The Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, is open all year round. Congenial atmosphere, optima conditions. Competitive terms and further reductions for groups.

LONDON. "West Court," Earls Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, min. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObisher 6492.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm, Jersey Herd. Surf-bathing Polzeath until November. Golf St. Enodoc. Port Isaac 234. Under new management.

PENSION Théin. Pleasant garden. Near Pantheon. Room and board less than 1gn. Rue du Cardinal Lemoine 75, Paris 5e.

AMBLESIDE Y.W.C.A. for Autumn and Winter holidays or long-term residence. Terms reasonable, happy companionship, comfortable quarters. Family groups welcomed. Apply The Warden.

JUAN-Les-Pins. World-famous "Hotel Juana," facing sea, amidst pines, palms and flowers. Summer, with all the pleasures of sea and sun-bathing extends until November. Private beach. Open-air restaurant on floral terrace. Free garage in Hotel. Special rates from Sept. 15. Write: Managing Proprietors.

THE Wharf Hotel, Horam, E. Sussex (Eastbourne Line). Country fare in Country Fair. A small hotel in spacious grounds for a quiet rest with comfort and good food. 'Phone Horeham Rd. 32.

EVERYTHING is right, even the price, at the Chiltern Gate Hotel, Wallington, Oxon. Tel. 56. New owner, new décor.

GUILDCROFT for holidays—or permanent residence. Incl. terms from 4gns. Beauty, comfort, good food, good company, 40 mins. from Waterloo. Guildcroft, Epsom Rd., Guildford. Tel. 66047.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Rectory, S. Wales coast. Ideal sit. Plnt. hol. resort. OTkg. scs. Attractive cuterg. Brochure.

DUBLIN. Small modern house, b. & b., light supper, etc. 6d. City centre 15 mins. 120 New Ireland Rd., Rialto.

CHERRY Orchard, Mousehole, Cornwall, beautiful position overlooking Mounts Bay. Mild in winter. Comf. home, special diets if desired. £5 5s. wk. Mousehole 284.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Autumn colourings on Ashdown Forest, wonderful air, and here enjoy a superb meal cooked by Kathleen Burton who knows about food. Club lic. Sharpthorne 17.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

FRENCH Riviera all the year round. Enjoy the sun and sea, varied and ample menu, all modern comforts, at less than £1 a day inclusive. Write for brochure: English Manager, L'Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

PERSONAL

YOUNG Spanish girl, university student in France, perfect French and Spanish, would like to spend a year in England as a tutor for children; intellectual or artist's family preferably. Box 6118.

BED-sitting room, board, pocket-money offered in return for part-time light domestic help. EDG. 1761.

PERSONAL—continued

FAMILY home wanted school holidays, West African girl 16 years. Colonial Secretary, Victoria League, 38 Chesham Place, S.W.1.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb, good perm. home for elderly person, 2 rms. & bath., in well-kept hse. Full board. 7gns. Boarder could bring some own furniture. Box 6157.

HOSPITALITY & care offered for convalescence or for the aged. Lovely house—lounge & garden. HAMpstead 2281.

HAVING had years of experience in own gardens now obliged live London—would like to give practical gardening advice to those needing help N.W. district. Interest more important than remuneration. Miss Morris, 44 Primrose Hill Rd., N.W.3.

6 ROOM Thatched cottage to let. Suffolk. £2 weekly. Rung Holborn 9908.

EXHIBITION and Conference Rooms available in West End. Apply British Colour Council, 13 Portman Square, W.1. WEL. 4185.

NEW trade weekly requires additional capital for expansion purposes, excellent prospects; directorship offered, principals only, apply in confidence. Box 5528.

FRENCH & German conversation by qualified teacher. BAY. 5916.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

LEVrai accent by private lessons with Frenchwoman teacher. KEN. 3000.

PIANO Lessons for beginners and advanced pupils given by Prof. of the Vienna Academy. EUS. 3466 ext. 63.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 5518.

EXHIBITING artist with specialised teaching experience seeks partner & financial backing to start experimental Art School. Box 6136.

EXCLUSIVE portrait photographer offers tuition and generous remuneration to lady introducing clients. Box 6161.

PHRENOLOGIST. J. Louis Barr, 36 Macdonald Rd., N.11. ENT. 4254.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 4 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

FRENCH, Spanish, Italian. Indispensable for the Language Student. Adam's "First and Verbs," 2s. each, post 1½d. State language required. Students' Careers Bureau, 166 Terminal House, S.W.1.

HANDWRITING delineation, expert. Write 50 words. Send 3s. s.a.e. Box 6113.

SHORT Story writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B.191), Palace Gate, W.8.

HAVE you a Grasshopper Mind? A mind that rushes at everything and masters nothing. Pelmanism will enable you to concentrate and develop your mental powers generally. Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces. Write for a free copy of "The Science of Success," which describes the Course, Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., W.1.

XMAS Party to Sun & Snow in lovely Flims (Switzerland). All winter sports, easy walks & social activities. 10 days £29 15s. 6d., 15 days £37 10s. incl. London. Allways travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

WINTERSPORTS, private Xmas party, 16 days £40, no extras. J. M., 9 Oakley St., S.W.3.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kollerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

LOOK younger, live longer! a 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime, with hydro, electro and dietetic treatments, in a delightful bijou Guest House, will restore your mental and physical poise with added vigour. Folder: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

SUNSHINE at Christmas in Provence. Ramble and sightsee from Avignon to the Italian Riviera—16 days for £35. One of many interesting winter holidays in our programme, which tells you a lot about ski-ing possibilities too. Copy from Ramblers' Assn., 48(a) Park Road, Baker St., N.W.1.

ARE you tired and exhausted? Try Nerve Manipulation, an invigorating, stimulating and relaxing therapy. Ask for explanatory brochure. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Inquiries: Welbeck 9600.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

AUTUMN Week-ends: Have a gay and interesting week-end before the winter starts —Oct. 19, Stratford-on-Avon week-end party, Nov. 16, "Meet an interesting personality" week-end at an historic Manor Hotel near Hove, Sussex. Full details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 6911.

PERSONAL—continued

AUTHORS with books in the Autumn lists may require portraits for professional use. John Vickers specialises in photographs of those whose personality is somewhat elusive of the camera. 29.B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Ammellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

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P.S.—Winter programme ready at last! Christmas, February, and Easter parties for students and ex-students at Bretaye, Switzerland, 28 gns., Obergurgl, Austria, 26½gns.

P.P.S.—Lose no time in writing to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, or 'phone Harrow 1046.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatics, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5088).

HOGARTH Gallery specialise in built-in furniture, bookshelves, to individual requirements. Open all day Saturday. 16a Hogarth Place, S.W.5. FRO. 3328.

SLENDER Feet? A.A., AAA. You can be perfectly fitted from over 1,000 pairs always in stock, of special Slim Fitting Physical Culture Fashion Shoes; American sizes 6—12. Elliotts, 112 Westbourne Gr., W.2. Buses 7, 15, 27, 28, 31, 36, 46. BAY 4282.

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STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, Hill Top, Park Rd., Bridport, Dorset.

OUR selection of Christmas books and cards are worth your careful consideration. Please come in and see for yourself—we are near the Brompton Rd. Open 10-6, Sats. till 1.0. Rosina & Maurice Fry, Temple Fortune Bookshop, 5 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., S.W.1. Phone VICtoria 9827.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"FILMS and Children: The positive approach." By Janet Hills. A British Film Institute publication surveying the work which is being done here and abroad to raise standards of film taste among children and adolescents. Ready mid-October. Orders now being taken. 56 pages. Price 2s., post free, from British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

JEAN-Louis Barrault wrote four special articles—on Laurence Olivier, Louis Jouvet, The Art of Rehearsal, and Shakespeare—for the current issue of Adam International Review (by sub. only £1 p.a. from 28 Emperor's Gate, London, S.W.7).

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. E. D. Williams. October issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

GERMAN literature wanted and sold by Continental Book Supply, 38a Whitechurch Lane, E.1.—Postal business only.

JOURNAL of Sex Education, a popular-scientific journal for the sexual enlightenment of adults, edited by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., 2s. 9d. post free. Annual subscription 12s. 6d. Inquiries with stamped addressed envelope to Secretary, 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. WEL. 7840.

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace" 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

BOOK Bargains! New books at half price or less, mint condition. This week's offer, "Daphnis & Chloe," by Longus, unexpurgated, many colour plates. Published at 10s. 6d., our price 5s. 6d. post free. Stamp for full lists. Town Bookshop, Enfield, Middx. ENF. 4948. Money back guarantee.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Beadon Rd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 2924

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A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, or, tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

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PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Oct. 7, 7.30. "The Secret of Cavelli" (U). (Italian).

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (Season 1951-2). Royal Albert Hall. First Concert: Wed., Oct. 24, at 8. Metamorphosen (Strauss), Violin Concerto in G (Mozart); Ein Heldenleben (Strauss). Gioconda de Vito, Paul Beard. Cond., Sir Malcolm Sargent. Tkts.: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., and details of Reduced Ticket Rates for bookings for not less than four concerts at Hall (KEN. 8212) and usual Agents.

WIGMORE Hall, Sat., Oct. 6, at 7.30. Charles Holland, Famous American Negro Tenor. Accompanist: Ernest Lush. Italian Opera, German Lieder, French Songs, and Negro Spirituals. 3s., 6s., 9s., 10s. 6d. WEL. 2141 and Agents.

PIANO Quintets & Quartets. 2nd of 5 Concerts presented by Y.W.C.A. in Queen Mary Hall, Wed., Oct. 10, 7.30. Menges String Quartet & Kathleen Long. Brahms's Piano Quintet. Lecture Recital. Seats 4s., 2s. 6d. Box Office, Y.W.C.A., Central Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7512.

POLISH Cultural Institute announces first appearance in England of Polish violinist Wanda Wiłkomirska. Wigmore Hall, Sat., Oct. 13, 3 p.m. At the piano: Ivor Newton. Seats 3s., 5s., 7s. 6d., bookable Wigmore Hall (WEL. 2141), & Chappells (MAY. 7600).

70TH Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall. Thurs. next at 7. Faure: La Bonne Chanson and both Violin Sonatas. Barbizet (Piano), Ferras (Violin), Maurane (Baritone). 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.

ST. Marylebone Parish Church, W.1. Saturday, October 13, at 3.30. The Renaissance Singers directed by Michael Howard. Monteverdi, Lock, Blow, Boyce and Greene.

THE Half-Century Social Group invite you to another special dance at London Studios, 11 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Thurs., Oct. 11, at 7.30. Lacarno Dance Ensemble. Prizes and Novelties. Members 2s. 6d. Non-members 3s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

ZWEMMER Gallery. Ganymed Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints, and First Showing of Ganymed Collographs by Henry Moore. 10-6 daily, inc. Sats., until Oct. 27. 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. (Near Cambridge Circus).

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London exhibition of Paintings and Gouaches by Mane-Katz. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

THREE Centuries of British Watercolours and Drawings. An Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till Oct. 10. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Art of the American Indians.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Charles Malfray (1887-1940) Sculpture and Drawings. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.

OTWAY McCannell. Paintings at Galerie Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., Charing X Rd., 11 a.m. to 8.30 p.m., Sept. 26-Oct. 16.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Coque Martinez and Marguerite Chapuzet. Till Oct. 27, 10-5, except Sundays.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Paintings and Water Colours by Michel Kikoine. Water Colours by Z. Erlichman. Sculpture by Bruno Simon. Until Oct. 28. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun. 2 p.m.-5 p.m.

PAINTED Textiles by Michael O'Counell. Paintings by Rachel Roxburgh and Phyl Waterhouse. Sat., Oct. 6, until Oct. 26. Open 11-6 daily, including Saturdays. A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., W.C.2.

ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. "London. An Adventure in Town Planning." 10-6 daily. Closing Oct 6.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leics. Sq. Paintings by (1) Walter Bayes; (2) Lord Methuen, A.R.A. Water-colours by (3) Jankel Adler; (4) E. Ardizzone. 10-5.30; Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1. Recent paintings by Pic. and Pen & Ink Drawings by "Scottie" Wilson.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

RUDOLF Steiner's Contribution to Social Reconstruction. Lecture by T. Gordon Jones, O.B.E., "Health and Disease in the Social Organism," at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Thurs., Oct. 11, 7 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FABIAN Autumn Lectures: "Is This Socialism?" Note new dates: Tuesdays, Oct. 30, Nov. 6, 13, 20, 27, Dec. 4. John Strachey, Kingsley Martin, Mary Stocks, Walter Padley, Alex Comfort, Anthony Crosland. Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, at 7.15 p.m. Single Tickets 2s. 6d. & 1s.; Series 10s. & 16s. Apply: Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

UNIV. of London. A lecture entitled "Land Purchase and Registration of Title in Ireland" will be given by Professor Frances Moran (Univ. of Dublin, Trinity College) at 5.30 p.m. Oct. 11 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Adm. free, without tkt.

HUNGARY To-day: hear the Dean of Canterbury, Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., Rev. Paul Leverkuhn, D.D., and others, talking about their recent visits to Hungary: Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1, on Wednesday, October 10, at 7.30 p.m. Admission 6d. at door. British Hungarian Friendship Society Preparatory Committee.

CHRISTIAN Action "Any Questions?" Come and put your questions on the subject "Has Religion had it?": Caxton Hall, Westminster, Mon., Oct. 8, 7.30 p.m. Sir George P. Thomson, F.R.S., Professor Dame Hilda Lloyd, F.R.C.S., F.R.C.O.G., Compton Mackenzie, LL.D. Question Master: Bruce Belfrage. Admission 1s. at door.

SUN., Oct. 7 & 21, 7.45, at 783 Finchley Rd., close Regal Cin., Golders Green. Chair: J. F. Horrabin. "The Need of our Time." Symposium Part I (Oct. 7). H. J. Blackham (Historian), J. H. Lloyd (Public Official), E. Henry (Worker); Part 2 (Oct. 21), A. A. Buralt (Art), Dr. Joseph (Science), V. Fleming (Education). Hampstead Eth. Soc. HAM. 6920.

WHO was Shakespeare? John Brophy v. Wm. Kent. City Literary Inst., Stukeley St., Drury Lane, Sat., October 13, 3 p.m. Admission free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Aspects of Modern Art." Illustrated talk by Bruno Simon (arranged by Studio Group). Thurs., Oct. 11, 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

GILBERT Harding, Maurice Gorham, Leslie Ayre, in a discussion on "The Challenge of Television." St. Pancras Town Hall (opposite St. Pancras Station), Friday, Oct. 12, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets (free) from St. Pancras Town Hall.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. October 13 at 6 p.m. Mrs. L. Mardon: "L'Arte e gli Italiani."

WILLESDEN Ballet Circle. Clive Barnes on "Ashton, Balanchine & Tudor," Tues., Oct. 9 at 8 p.m. Anson Hall, Chichele Rd., N.W.2. Non-members 2s.

ALL Nations Social Club. "Signals From the Stars," by Ernest Noon, lecturer in Astronomy. Questions and dission. Thursday, October 11, 8 p.m., Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 2s. at door.

"A SCIENTIST in Israel," by Dr. F. A. Freeth, F.R.S., Ben Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Sun., Oct. 7, 8 p.m. Y.P.C. Jewish Nat. Fund. Vis. welc. Refrs.

WOOL Education Society. A Lecture will be given at 7 p.m. on Wednesday, October 17, 1951, in the Lecture Theatre of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, London, W.1, by Mr. James Laver, C.B.E., Keeper of the Department of Engraving, Illustration and Design, Victoria and Albert Museum, on "Fashion in Wool." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30. 8th, "Planning and Reconstruction in the City of London," by H. A. Meeland, F.R.I.B.A. 15th, "Eat and Keep Young as a Fruitarian," by Josiah Oldfield. 22nd, "The National Theatre," by Sagittarius. 29th, "Work of the National Trust," by J. F. Rowley. Dancing at 9.30.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Oct. 7: S. K. Ratcliffe. "The New Orthodoxy." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Penn St., S.W.1. Tues., Oct. 9, 7.45 p.m. Talk on "The Prague Spring Music Festival 1951": Mr. James Gibb, who will also give a short Piano Recital. Chair: Mr. Aubrey Bowman. Both Speaker & Chairman attended the Festival. Adm. free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. Oct. 9: "Vedanta and Psychotherapy." All welcome.

FARM Street Church, W.1 (Entrance also in Mount St). Conferences on "The Catholic Church and Freedom of the Mind." by F. Copleston, S. J. Wed., Oct. 10, 6.30, "The Catholic Church and Science."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Oct. 7: Theosophy Simply Stated.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at p.m. Oct. 9, W. A. Purfurst. "Why I am a Buddhist." Admission free. Collection.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"THE Logic of Occultism." R. Hartley, Sun., October 7, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

BUDDHIST Society, 106, Gt. Russell St., Public Lecture, Wed., Oct. 10, 6.30. "The Goal of Life." The Ven. Bhikkhu U. Thittila.

THE Health of the Soviet Child: pre-school and school medical services. Dr. Ian Gilliland, Tues., Oct. 9, 5.45 (tea from 5). SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures on "Technological Change and Human Relations" will be given by Professor G. Friedmann (Conservatoire National des Arts et Métiers, Paris) at 5 p.m. on October 17 and 19 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

BRITISH League for European Freedom. Week-end School. Sat., Sun., Oct. 13/14. At White Eagle Club, 2 Albert Gate, Knightsbridge. 7.30 p.m. Sat.: "The Problems of Post-War France," by Mrs. D. M. Pickles, M.A., B.Sc.(Econ.), J.P. 3 p.m. Sun.: Brains Trust. 7 p.m. Sun.: "Hungary's New Dark Age," by the Countess of Listowel. Course Tickets (6s.) obtainable at the door or from Mrs. P. M. Laugley, 66 Elizabeth St., S.W.1. Single Sessions 2s. 6d.

"WRITERS and the Visual Arts: Pope to Keats." University Extension Course at City Literary Institute, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m. Tutor: Millicent Rose.

ARABIC Classes. Beginning on Monday, 8 October 15.15 classes in Arabic will be held at the Bureau as follows:— Elementary: Mondays and Thursdays, 5.45-6.45 p.m.; Intermediate: Tuesdays and Fridays, 5.45-6.45 p.m. Further particulars and forms of enrolment may be had from Dr. Ateek, Egyptian Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gardens, W.1. (Telephone: Grosvenor 8886.)

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